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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[UNMASKED.]

FADING AWAY.

CHAPTER V.

—Ye who have yearned

With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a duty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told.

ADA soon learned from Aunt Leason's conversation a good deal about Hamilton's family, and her confidence in the future was not increased, for she could trace a vain pride of wealth amongst them which did not speak well for her, who was almost homeless and quite penniless.

But for the never changing kindness of Aunt Leason, her daily motherly care and teaching, Ada would not have been happy, but the sunshine in the villa had not died out yet, and her time was well spent, so well that the improvement in her, bodily, physically, and intellectually, was noticeable.

Aunt Leason had taught her something of the piano, and to talk with propriety. Certainly Ada was a quick and willing pupil, but a less expert teacher than Aunt Leason would not have done so much in so short a time.

When Hamilton, after a short stay in town, returned, he was glad to see the change, and often, in the quiet moments when he sat alone with Ada, he ran round his neck, and her soft cheek resting lovingly against his, he would repeat, with renewed warmth and affection, his promises, meaning, when he uttered them, to keep his word.

But he did not stay long enough to do so, he was called away to business, and when out of the influence of the quiet house at Clapham he forgot his promises, and allowed circumstances and his father to rule his heart and destroy his honour.

Hamilton's visits to Clapham were less frequent, and of shorter duration. Now one month had gone and another was rapidly passing, and no change

came. Aunt Leason did not go to Germany, and still Ada was not married.

Slowly, gloomily, a dark cloud was hovering over Ada's head, laying a dreary shadow in her path, and slowly driving the sunshine from her heart. She crept about out of the sunshine of Aunt Leason's pretty villa, from the good lady's presence into her own room, where she could rest, and dream a wakeful dream that was ever full of phantom shadows, grim and ominous as shadows, more grim and more ominous as realities.

Hamilton had been away a week now, and nothing but a brief note per post had come from him, to tell that he was living. Ada grew sad and silent, too, her face was pale, her smiles like the good deeds of our sham religious people, very rarely seen. The pensive, almost plaintive look that began to become settled on her face added to its beauty and rendered it doubly attractive.

Aunt Leason did not like to see her protégé become so quiet. She knew that Hamilton was wrong in thus neglecting his supposed wife, and knowing he was wrong, Aunt Leason would sooner have heard Ada complain. But that the misguided girl never did.

"I dare not complain," she murmured one night. She had been praying, and was still kneeling with her face to the wall and her eyes turned towards Heaven. "The wrong is more mine than his. I sinned against my father, my home, and Heaven, and must bear the penalty of the sin. Would I could bear the sin better. Heaven forgive me! But mine was but the mind of a poor, ill-taught girl, against the power and beauty of a man who had my soul in his keeping. The wrong was not all mine!"

Then she wept herself to sleep, and awoke in the morning paler than ever, though her hands were hot and feverish, and so were her lips as she kissed Aunt Leason, whom she now loved as a mother.

The good old lady saw all, and drew Ada to her breast with maternal fondness.

Ada's heart was full then, but she mastered her feelings, for she dared not tell her grief.

The morning passed very quietly. There was no teaching, no reading, no music.

Girl and woman both sat by the window looking out into the little front garden, both lost in thought, both watching in silence for the coming of Victor Bainley.

The day was showery. The sky was cloudy. Summer months had gone, and taken the sunshine from the earth, save now and then.

Now and then was not often. It came only for short stays and soon died away.

So did the sunshine of Ada's young life. Slowly it was fading, getting fainter and colder, as her heart grew darker, and her home more drear beneath the gloom of the great ominous cloud that still hung overhead.

Sue watched, in sad fancy, the clouds of her young life gather about her, following her through the murky, misty path of life, driving her on to its mighty bridge, beneath which, whirled on to the bed of eternity, the rushing, hissing vortex, beneath the dark chasm of death.

She saw herself hurrying over this bridge with the words, people going on either side of her, some stumbling, to rise again with renewed vigour, others lost in a deep fog, some stuck fast in a dreadful slough, many disappearing for ever, while a few going straight on, looking only one way (towards Heaven) with their souls in that look, went on through the murky mist, and rambled through a glorious sunny land.

But Ada was not allowed to follow those. She had paused at the dark chasm that was almost hidden by the gloomy mist. And as she looked down she shuddered in dread, and uttered a shivering sob—though 'twas all fancy—a sob that startled Aunt Leason from her reverie, and made her look in wonder at her young charge.

She would have spoken then, but the trim little maid, who seemed part and portion of the villa, came tripping with two letters. They were both in Hamilton's handwriting, and in spite of herself, Ada could not repress a shiver when she took hers.

Aunt Leason, at all times very ceremonious about a letter, went through more than the usual preparations and movements before opening this one.

"Bless me, how strange," she said, when at last her spectacles were securely lodged on the bridge of her nose, and she had carefully examined the post marks, "why the dear boy has written to both of us."

Ada did not reply, too anxious to see the contents of the letter to trouble about the post marks, and quite able to read the most puzzling caligraphy without glasses, she was engaged in the perusal of her letter when Aunt Leason spoke.

As her eyes wandered over the written pages her face changed vividly and rapidly; she flushed scarlet one minute and went white the next, until the letter was nearly finished, then she settled down, cold, white, and motionless. The letter was a strange one.

Hamilton wrote to say that he was bound by some important business that affected his father's firm to start at once for the Continent, without having time to run down to Clapham to see Ada.

"But I shall not be gone long, dear Ada," it went on. "I would not go at all, only a refusal would require an explanation. An explanation would be my ruin, as my father already fears a terrible commercial crisis, and to guard against which is the reason of my sudden departure. Do not, my own darling Ada, misjudge this letter or me. I assure you it is very hard, and nothing but the knowledge of how much our future and my father's life depends upon my going would induce me to sacrifice the pleasures of such a quiet home at Clapham. I shall only be away a week or two. Do not make yourself unhappy, darling, so soon will order if you do, and so shall I if I know it. Trusting, my own, that your love will only strengthen with my absence, and that you will—if it were possible—look more beautiful when I return, I close this letter with protestations of my earnest love and the never dying faith of your affectionate husband."

So the letter ended.

Aunt Leason's was neither so long nor explanatory. It told in a few words the cause of his departure from England, and begged her to be the guardian friend and mother to his "darling Ada."

Aunt Leason gave a short, dry cough when she had finished reading the letter. She looked a little grim, too; the corners of her mouth puckered up, and the threatening cap-ribbons stuck out more stiff and ominous than ever.

"Why, Ada, my child, Hamilton, poor boy, is obliged to go on the Continent, for his inconsistent father. How wretched he will be to be thus taken away from you," said Aunt Leason, trying to speak as though it was Hamilton's misfortune and not his fault.

"I have no doubt, Miss Leason," Ada said, quietly, "that Victor is only doing his duty to himself and his father, who of course must be studied before anything else."

"Not before a wife," thought Aunt Leason; and her mind began to get troubled, and even her calm, smooth brow creased into a frown.

She was not pleased with Hamilton. It did not look well, such conduct, and so on. Had she known less of Hamilton's nature she would have been more lenient, but she was aware that he could have spared an hour had he chosen to.

Aunt Leason was angry, and she got up from her chair to write a letter that would be awaiting him by the time he reached Marseilles, the first place he was going to.

Ada said but little; her doubt had grown into a fear now, and she waited for the worst to come.

CHAPTER VI.

If Hamilton felt any regret at the shameful neglect he showed Ada he had the excuse to palliate it that he had written the truth in his letters to Clapham, though it is doubtful whether he could not have found time to bid adieu in person had he cared to do so.

Perhaps he dreaded "a scene," as he cynically termed any show of emotion on the part of those to whom he was ever dear; then again, much of his affection went when he was away from the quiet villa at Clapham.

His father's house in Grosvenor Square was, like his father, very great in its way. There was a great deal of pomp and display in both.

Bainley the elder was a rich and prosperous man, so said the world—a great man; a merchant prince, so said the bean wounds. He was a man to be known and cultivated.

The great banker was no mean personage, and everybody, to verify the truth of what was said,

went to the great man's house in Grosvenor Square, eat his magnificent dinners, drank his splendid wine, borrowed his money, and laughed at him afterwards for a vain, presumptuous pretension.

Perhaps had there not been a mother-in-law in the way, Hamilton would have stayed at his father's house; as it was he preferred not.

Happily the elder was proud of his handsome son, though his pride was such as he would have for a handsome new establishment likely to attract the eyes of the commercial world.

"Take care, sir," the old man had said when Hamilton had consented to transact the continental affairs. "You may soon be a partner in the firm, only I want some proof of your willingness to do my bidding, and show you are worthy the house of Bainley, Burridge and Company."

"An honour, my dear sir," said Hamilton with a smile, "I shall fully appreciate when it is conferred upon me."

"There is one mission," said the banker, not heeding his son's remark, "I want you to fulfil. It will be a pleasant one. When you return to Marseilles and leave there for good, you will, I believe, be entrusted with the care of Helen Burridge, who is over there with her father. Mind you, my son, that girl is the heiress to the next principal partner in the firm to myself; and I believe she is as beautiful as she is rich. It is my wish, my son, that you will not forget the hint. I should like the wealth of the firm to continue in the family."

Hamilton took the hint and readily understood it. It was not the first time he had heard of the old partner's beautiful daughter; he had some curiosity to see her, and so felt that there was even a pleasant object in going to the Continent for his father's firm, and so he went without a pang of remorse for the sad hearts at Clapham.

His first visit was to Marseilles, where Burridge, the next great man to Bainley, of the Universal Banking and Mining Company, was staying, conducting all the foreign affairs.

The name of the head of the firm took Hamilton anywhere, no matter how much against the rules and routine of the establishment. But he did not find Mr. Burridge there, and so went on to his private residence.

Far different to Bainley senior, Mr. Burridge kept his residence. There was less show, less sham and more real comfort, which showed the good taste of a well bred man.

Burridge was a gentleman, as Hamilton saw. Tall, rather slight, with long white hands, and an aristocratic bearing that gave him a splendid presence.

"If the daughter is like the father," thought Hamilton, "she must be a queenly woman indeed."

And indeed she was. "And so at last you have shown up in the firm," asked Mr. Burridge, looking with a glance of admiration at the fine figure and beautiful face of Hamilton. "You have been a long time travelling about, Mr. Bainley."

"Yes, I have taken a tour pretty well all over the world. Then you see I stayed to learn German in Germany, French in Paris, Italian in Italy, and Spanish in Spain; not for my own sake but because father wished it: so I could not do less as he paid well for it."

There was just a touch of sarcasm in his voice, a sarcasm that wounded to Mr. Burridge a little like contempt for the great man, Hamilton's father.

"Do you think you will like dabbling in these great commercial affairs?" asked Mr. Burridge.

"I think so. Were there less risk, less bold speculation and hazardous enterprise, I should not care for it," answered Hamilton. And the other believed him.

Then the subject turned upon Hamilton's business, and presently Mr. Burridge spoke of his daughter.

"Paris will be your last call, I think," he said. "From there you will come here, and I shall then entrust to your care my wife, and Helen, my daughter, whom by the way I will introduce at once."

Whatever Hamilton pictured Helen Burridge to be in his mind, his imagination fell very short of the mark. She was, without an outward blemish, the most beautiful and splendid woman he had ever met. There was nothing wanting in face or form, or in grace or manners; nothing that the eye could detect but was perfect, and Hamilton's soul thrilled when he beheld her.

She received Hamilton with courtly grace and a welcome smile. Hamilton regretted that he had to leave Marseilles to go elsewhere; but he did not go for a day or two, and he was in Helen's society nearly the whole time he stayed.

He found her, perhaps, a little too matter of fact at times; but generally her ideas were grand and original, her speech free, and her conversation entertaining always.

She spoke of Italy, Spain, and Germany as though her life had been spent in those three countries; she knew a little of Constantinople, Calcutta, and a dozen other places where Hamilton had been to, and he found a wild pleasure in talking to a woman so beautiful and so gifted.

Their sentiments were the same in some things too, and he could not help comparing her with Ada Ellis, who, by the side of this beautiful being, was of course unlearned and uncultivated. He could not think of Ada in the presence of Helen without a blush of shame and annoyance.

Hamilton did not neglect his father's business; perhaps knowing that the sooner it was over, the sooner he would be with Helen made him so energetic.

"We," said Mrs. Burridge, just as Hamilton was about to leave, and meaning herself and daughter, "shall probably be in Paris for a short time by the time you get there. If so, there is the address where we shall stay. You will come?"

"With a pleasure I cannot express, madam," Hamilton said, and it was the truth.

"What a charming, handsome man," said the old lady to her daughter when Hamilton had left the house. "Helen, my love, you must remember he is son and heir to Bainley. Be careful how you treat him, as the great man would not like his son to be slighted, even by you."

"Helen very fine, handsome man, ma," said Helen, quietly, "and a very pleasant companion. But I do not think his fatherless home goes with his beauty or his tongue."

Perhaps had Hamilton known that he would have been less happy during his continued journey, the marriage of Helen would have taken a less heavenly shape.

But Hamilton was like his father, a very vain man. He knew his own power. The power that a vain, a beautiful face and fine figure gave him over the minds of the women. But he made the very common error that all women are alike. Would that it were so in some respects, and the domestic affairs of poor Lord Byron would have sunk into oblivion and his bones allowed to rest in hallowed peace, and none so sore honoured in the minds of a grateful people. But no matter. The universal opinion that he uttered for so many years, perhaps it would be more correct to say the universal love that is borne for Byron, is not to be centered to the winds by the bitter accusations of a woman, against a man, who, if wrong, has justified himself in Heaven, it is to be hoped, before this, and cannot vindicate himself on earth.

However, Helen Burridge was an intellectual, but not that species of unnatural vulgarity, a strong-minded woman.

"I wonder I never met her at the governor's home," thought Hamilton, with the image of Helen ever before him. "She is, indeed, a creature made to worship."

Ada held no place in his heart now, and only a hateful one in his mind. He wrote to her when he arrived in Paris, and that was not till four weeks after he had left Marseilles. The letter was brief and cruelly cold.

He was detained on business, he said in it, and could not return yet. He had enclosed fifty pounds in case she wanted anything. Then a postscript told the poor girl that she need not write, as he was going from place to place, and would, in all probability, not get the letter.

Then to dismiss the unpleasant matter from his mind, he left the hotel where he was staying, and sought the temporary residence of Mrs. Burridge.

She had already arrived, and was expecting Hamilton. Helen greeted him warmly, and he very soon saw that he would be the accepted cavalier of the poorless girl during his sojourn in the city of pleasure.

The season was commencing, and Helen did not feel inclined to leave too soon. She had her father's permission to stay, and Mrs. Burridge did not oppose her daughter, and so they remained not for a week, as was their first intention, but for months, and Hamilton stayed too.

His father wrote him a letter—an unusually kind one—and told him he might draw upon him for any reasonable sum, should it be necessary, and Hamilton thought the necessity was very probable.

He lived in splendid style, hired the best horses and the finest equipages he could get, was the daily companion of Helen, and it was not long before Hamilton and his magnificent companion were the talk of Paris.

At the end of three months they returned to Marseilles.

Mr. Burridge greeted Hamilton warmly.

"Helen has improved under your care, my boy," the old man said, smiling. "Come, I shall let you

be her cavalier in future. I do not think then she will tell me she is dying of ennui!"

Helen was there, and turned away with a deep colour mantling to her cheeks.

She could not help liking the handsome fellow who sent wild hair the marriageable girls of Paris.

She could see she had enslaved him, and she was somewhat proud of the conquest.

"They did not remain long at Marseilles."

"I shall follow you in two or three weeks," said Mr. Burridge; "until then, my dear Victor, I must leave the ladies in your care."

Hamilton promised he would be a faithful guardian.

"Or shall I rather say slave," he said, and Mr. Burridge laughed.

Helen's mother had great confidence in her daughter and her friend, for during the journey she rarely bothered the young people with too much of her talk or her company, and Hamilton had the beautiful girl pretty well to himself.

Helen saw that his attentions were growing more tender and delicate every day.

She saw how gladly he began to obey her slightest wish.

How a look brought him to her side, and a kind word or touch of the hand sent the hot blood to his cheek.

What Helen saw, Hamilton felt. He knew that he was in love.

He admitted it to himself. He admitted it to himself.

"Heaven!" he murmured to himself once, "should this be a heartless woman, who could throw such affections as mine away, I should be broken down for ever, for my love for her is the love that kills!"

He knew now that his soul was in her keeping. He was her lover, and hers alone.

His heart was in his words, when he spoke to her. He could not deceive now, his adoration was too great.

He remembered what his father had said, and wondered whether Helen's parents had the same opinion.

"I will win that girl," he said to himself when they had arrived in London, "she is worth a soul's ransom. There is nothing in my path—no impediment."

Then Ada came across his memory, and he frowned.

"That was a confounded mistake," he said, between his teeth, "taking her to that old idiot's house."

He did not say it was an awful wrong, bringing her from her home.

Ada Ellis was not the first girl who could tell a tale of bitter wrong and misery, and lay it at the door of this handsome and accomplished scoundrel.

"I must get her away from this," he went on cogitating, and turning over in his mind the most easy way to rid himself of the burden, for if ever he had entertained the slightest notion of making Ada his wife, he had not the least intention now.

He was dressing for dinner at his father's house. Helen and her mother were coming to dine, or he would have gone off to Clapham then.

As it was he wrote just a line to say he had arrived safely, and would be there on the morrow.

Then he went down to dinner.

Helen had come. She looked inexpressibly beautiful, and with a smile full of meaning, seated herself next to Hamilton.

Mr. Bainsley was watching them, and his face flushed with pride—a feeling he could not control—as he looked across at Helen's mother, and bade her by a look glance at the young pair, who, a thousand and few years ago, might have graced the temples of gods and goddesses.

Before Hamilton retired to rest that night, his father spoke to him.

"Well, my son, what is your opinion of Miss Helen?"

"That she is worthy a kingdom and a king, without the wickedness of the former, and the sine of the latter!"

"Vague," said Bainsley the pious. "But I am glad to hear you speak so. Helen is the only woman I will ever accept for a daughter-in-law."

They parted then for the night, and the next, Hamilton, with a pang of regret in his heart, went down to Clapham.

Aunt Leason met him first, and she threw her arms round his neck, and she stared into his eyes as she spoke.

"Oh my darling nephew, how could you stay from that poor pit so long. Go quietly, Hamilton, she is sitting alone in the drawing room."

Aunt Leason kissed him again, and then let him go. He went with a light step, and a sense of shame stealing upon him, that he could not control. The drawing-room door was ajar, he entered

slowly, and in spite of himself, a pang shot through his heart.

Ada sat quiet and passive, her eyes were closed, and a deathly paleness overspread her face, which had grown pliantly beautiful, and her white small hands rested on an open book that lay upon her knees.

She had become thin, and wasted too, and his heart smote him for once.

"Ada," he said, and she started up with a loud, glad cry. She went to him as she had of old, and then lay weeping on his breast.

"Oh, Hamilton, my own darling, I thought you would never come back any more. I thought I should never see you again. Why, why did you stay like this, and never even allow me to write to you, not even once. Oh, Hamilton, you will not go again."

"Hush, Ada," he said, "you must not go on like that. No, I will not go away again, but I must be in town, so I think, dear, we had better leave here. I will take apartments for you near the West End, shall I?"

She looked up into his face, there was a strange dread at her heart. He did not speak with that tenderness he used to.

"Oh, Hamilton, you will not go from this house again without making me your wife. Look at me, Hamilton. Oh, Heaven, you would never dream of letting me become a mother before I am a wife."

"Ada," he said, a little bitterly, and striding angrily to the other end of the room, "why do you assail me like this. What happiness is there in coming here, when the instant I come into the house you begin at me about the confounded marriage. You know my circumstances. I am bound to be in town again to-morrow. Can I marry you to-night?"

Ada faced him then. Her tears dried up in a moment, her docile air was gone, her eyes flashed dangerously, and, clasping her little hands, she confronted him.

"Hamilton," she said fiercely, "what do you mean? Do you mean to destroy me? Have we not been like this long enough? Have I not borne it patiently enough? You come back to me like this, and talk of taking me away. I will not go to another place to act a falsehood so base as I have acted here. I will not remain here as I am! No, I will tell your aunt—tell her all—unless you act as you should in justice to me, whom you have taken from home—in justice to your good, kind aunt, to her whose noble mind and generous heart would break under the shame, did she know it. Out of justice to her in honour to her house. I beg, I implore you to make me your wife! I cannot, I will not, live the falsehood out any longer! What do you think I am made of, that you suppose I can impose as I have imposed upon so noble, benevolent, and loving a creature as good Miss Leason! No, by Heaven! I would sooner tell her all and let her, in just anger, cast me forth into the street what I am—a nameless thing, a shameful impostor, than you—Heaven knows it—made me!"

"Did he? Then Heaven's bitterest wrath alight upon him!"

It was Aunt Leason who spoke. Her voice was solemn, almost supernatural, and she stood in withering anger before the man she had loved with her pure soul.

She had heard all!

CHAPTER VII.

HAMILTON started when Aunt Leason spoke. He had not thought she might overhear all. The first feelings of surprise over, he turned as though he could have annihilated Ada for what she had said.

He stood at bay, now waiting for what would come next.

Aunt Leason closed the door, so that neither of the servants could overhear anything. Then she stood still and looked from one to the other. Aunt Leason was a stately old lady when angered; and she drew herself up erect, while the corners of her mouth became as to pucker and the threatening eyebrows stiffened to a positively awful extent.

"What have you to say to this, Hamilton?" she said.

"What have I to say," he answered, with a cold gleam in his eyes, and a deadly emphasis in his voice as he walked up and down the room. "That the worst is done now that can be done. That you know her shame, and I have nothing to fear."

"Nothing to fear, sinful man," Aunt Leason said, in a low choking voice, "nothing to fear! In heaven no Heaven anywhere—is there no Maker to judge so great a sin against the holy laws of Heaven? Is there not a bottomless pit, Hamilton? If you

believe such, think of your crime and ask yourself if there is anything to fear."

Aunt Leason's placid quiet was gone. She was excited and raised her hand on high to give force to her words.

"Bah," said Hamilton, trying to appear indifferent and cool, "why preach such foolery to me?"

"Is it such foolery?" Aunt Leason asked, looking him full in the eyes. "Do you in the secret depths of your heart believe it to be such. No matter—eternity, which is Heaven's alone, will prove all. Tell me, Hamilton, that I am not so deceived in you as this! Tell me, for the love I bear you, tell me you do not mean wrong to this poor girl?"

The old lady went to Ada's side, as though to protect her from Hamilton's bitter looks.

"What I might have done," said Hamilton, with cruel calmness, "I cannot say, had she not shown her tongue quite so soon—if she thought and exposed would drive me to do a thing that involves the whole of my future."

"But do you dare hint that it is your intention to leave this poor girl dishonoured?" asked Miss Leason.

"Bah!" exclaimed Hamilton, growing meaner spirit, and telling a falsehood as he became desperate, "many girls superior to Ada Ellis would have been glad to be in the same position. It is all very good and romantic to talk of me having dragged her into it. She was neither an idiot nor a child; she had a will of her own, and should not have consented. Look you, Aunt Leason, it is no use disguising the fact; I made a mistake, but the false step was Ada's. I tempted her, perhaps. She committed the wrong in accepting the temptation. The fact of it is, it flattered her vanity to be taken notice of. She was tired of her home and life, and like many other girls, left it the best way she could—"

"Stop, sir!" cried Aunt Leason, turning red and then deathly white, and her heart bleeding in pity for Ada, who had dropped into a chair and hung her head in shame, while she sobbed aloud, heart-broken at the indignities Hamilton had dared to utter. "Remember, sir, you are in my presence. Do not outrage it by uttering such things—to talk of disgracing a woman and offering her a home of shame, a position that leaves her at the mercy of the world were it known, and the disgraceful situations of any ruffian gentleman with no more respect for a woman's rights than you have. Oh, Hamilton, I weep in shame for you, weep in sorrow that you, on whose integrity I would have staked my life, turn so base a coward as to tempt this poor girl, whose only sin was in listening to your alluring promises, for loving you with a love that was more than love, for she believed and worshipped you, thinking you all you seemed, and not knowing, like me, what you are. But do not for an instant think that I will sanction such disgrace, for you shall be made to give this poor pet your protection as a husband. There are such things as—"

"Enough," cried Hamilton; "you have both attacked and threatened me. Do your worst. Give me for a breach of promise. Make her shame and your own disgrace public," and he laughed mockingly, "and see what you will gain. Had you listened to me quietly things might have been different, as it is, I let them take their course. I am glad, I can assure you, my dear madam, that I am not bound for life to a woman who was only waiting the power marriage would give her to show her teeth. However, now that there is no longer any cause for concealment, I may at once admit that I cannot marry Ada. I do not think I should when I brought her here, but I can foresee that such a step would doom me to a life of misery, if not beggary, and that I should only live to hate her as a burden that would drag me down to the lowest depth of degradation. You at least know the man my father is. I cannot oppose his will. I am ready, aunt, to make any reparation that is in my power. I would do anything if the affair is ended quietly. I have to ask your pardon, aunt, for dishonouring your name!"

"My house; what is that to this poor pet's feelings—her honour! Do not say any more; I will not listen. Perhaps you think that I should turn and drive this poor child from my home; but I must mistake, sir. If I have loved and cared for her as your wife, I will care more, love her more as your victim. My home shall be hers, and as I will ask the Almighty to bless and protect her, so will I invoke his wrath on you! I hate you now. I shall for ever. Remember, Hamilton, a time may come when your pompous father may stand before a judge as a bankrupt and a beggar. Do not come to me then, for unless you have taken this child to your heart as your wife, I would see you lie in a gutter, the workhouse, or the prison, sooner than put out my hand to help you! Now, go; leave my house, sir, and take with you the warning that I will hunt you down

with the iron hand of Heaven upon you, until you shall do by force what your honour should prompt you to! Go! I will hear no word, and unless you turn a better man, may Heaven's wrath blight your life!"

Hamilton turned pale.

He could not hear unmoved the bitter malediction of that good, outraged woman.

As he turned to go, a deep, wailing cry of heart-wrung agony broke from Ada, a cry that went to his soul and rang in his ears for ever after.

The poor girl could not bear up any longer, and she sank to the floor in a dead swoon.

Struck with remorse, Hamilton rushed from the house, bending his head in shame and anger, while his senses were in a delirious whirl of mingled passions.

Had he paused for a moment, he would have repented and taken the girl to his heart.

But he went on, as she had under the Cathedral at Wells, went on to a den of vice and dissipation to drown the scene in drink and destroy remorse by unsetting his senses.

He went to an hotel that night, and when he saw his father the next day he looked white and haggard.

"What is the matter, my son?" asked Bainley the pompous.

Hamilton smiled grimly.

"Nothing very particular, sir," he answered, but the banker saw that he did not tell the truth.

"I do not believe that, and if there is anything I beg you will let me know. There must be no want of confidence now you have entered into my affairs, and I am about to make you a partner in one of the richest firms in England. Remember, sir, I have a great risk at stake in doing this. I must answer for you in all things until you have given proof of your worth and—"

"My dear sir, you need be under no apprehension. There is nothing that I know of connected with me to disgrace your name or risk your profits, but as we are to begin by being extremely confidential I will tell you. It is a little liaison of mine, and there was a scene last night. Aunt Leason has got hold of the girl, and threatens all sorts of things. I dare say she will come here and bore you, but at the worst they can only be a matter of a few hundreds."

The great banker frowned.

"I wish," he said, "you could manage to keep out of this sort of thing. If you must make an idiot of yourself I wish you would do it in safety."

That was all the millionaire said, that was all the pity he had for the poor girl his son had betrayed and deserted.

Hamilton told what he liked of the story, and the old man listened with as much pity and attention as he would have had his son been talking of a dog or a cat.

"The affair is yours, not mine," he said, when Hamilton had finished, "you must get out of it the best way you can, only do not let it be known!"

The matter dropped then.

Bainley went out on business, and Hamilton visited Helen Burridge, and the broken heart at Clapham was forgotten.

Ada did not see Hamilton go, and it was far into the night before she had her senses sufficiently recovered to remember what had happened.

She was in bed, and the good Miss Leason was weeping over her.

The kind old lady was deeply hurt at what had happened.

Shocked to think such a thing had taken place in her house, and that she had been so deceived in her nephew, the only one she had ever loved, in sorrow for Ada, whom she had grown to like and look upon as a dear relative.

"Is it true?" Ada asked, faintly. "Hamilton has not gone for ever?"

Then she burst into tears.

"No, child, no, my dear. He will repent and come back."

"Oh, Miss Leason, what can you think of me? Turn me from your house, cast me out upon the world, anything, but do not talk to me in that gentle way, for I cannot bear it, when I know how sinful I have been!"

"Hush, dear," said Aunt Leason, kindly.

She could not reproach the poor girl now, though in her heart the maiden lady felt that Ada had done wrong, that she had taken a false step, that her own sense ought to have said was wrong, that her own maiden modesty should have shrunk from.

But it was too late to talk of that now. Miss Leason saw that Ada was ill.

She was growing worse too each minute, and she feared the result.

"I trust you will be better in the morning, my child," she said.

Ada only smiled mournfully and shook her head. It was a sad house now. All the sunshine had died away, the ominous cloud had burst, and Ada saw herself going slowly on towards that dreaded bridge, with its yawning chasm, and its dark, wretched path to eternity.

(To be Continued.)

AN AUGUST IDYL.

Amid the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
The amber tinted corn,
The sun is smiling through the leaves,
This sunny August morn.

The reapers throng the grassy meads,
Their sickles flash "ith" light;
And soon shall fall those flaunting weeds,
And poppies gay and bright.

The golden sheaves, the rosy sheaves,
The bending on their stems;
The waving ears in beauty gleam,
Like jewell'd diadems.

A zephyr wind is shivering
The barley in the breeze;
The silver oats are quivering
Like pearls in Sol's bright rays.

All Nature smiles in proud content,
And ope's her goodly store;
Her boundless gifts to man are sent,
Then Nature's God, adore!

The gleaners now to home return,
The yellow sheaves are bound;
With wistful eyes I backward turn,
And gaze the scene around.

The sun is sinking in the west,
The whistling birds grow still;
The swallow flies to reach his nest,
Behind yon ruined mill.

I stay and muse in dreaming mood
As Nature sinks to sleep,
And thank my God with gratitude!
His mercies shall me keep.

FRANCIS CO.

TO MARY.

May thy pathway, gentle lady,
Ever filled with flowers be;
Where its spots are dark and shady,
May they bloom more fair to see.

And if clouds of gloom betoken
That the storms of life are nigh,
May they be by sunbeams broken,
And dispelled from life's clear sky.

'Round thee may true friends assemble,
Who will ever faithful prove,
Making thy whole life resemble
One long dream of perfect love.

Youth, with its enchanting power,
Ever linger in thy way;
To refresh each weary hour
Are the wings of my lay.

H. J.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.—The Education Department, referring in their report to the "additional subject" of languages in the examination of candidates for admission into training colleges at Christmas, 1875, state that in England there were 121 papers worked in Latin by boys, but only 17 by girls; in French, on the other hand, there were 396 papers worked by girls, and 195 by boys. In Scotland, 188 boys and 304 girls were examined in languages; and in Latin there were 100 papers worked by boys, and only 9 by girls; but in French there were 293 papers worked by girls, and only 94 by boys. There were very few papers worked in German—13 in England and 10 in Scotland; and fewer still in Greek—1 in England and 4 in Scotland.

The Deputy Master of the Mint has the most interesting subject of any man to write about, namely, money, but it is difficult to get his readers far beyond the one idea—that they wished it was all theirs. He expresses in his report his regret that the Mint, with its obsolete structure and inefficient machinery, has been unable to execute even the comparatively limited amount of coinage required. He is able to state that counterfeit coinage has of late diminished.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

In her scientific cruise of three years and a half, the Challenger steamed and sailed 68,930 miles, crossing both the Atlantic and Pacific—the former several times. The deepest soundings were 4,575 fathoms, in the Pacific, between the Admiralty Islands and Japan; and in the Atlantic 3,875 fathoms, ninety miles north of the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies.

The return of the expedition to England has revived public interest in the work of Professor Wyville Thomson and his associates, and many interesting details concerning it have appeared in the English journals.

Many curious crabs were brought home. One very odd specimen, which came to the surface only at night, is described as having a head, which is nearly all eye, and a body so transparent as to render visible all the nerves, muscles, and internal organs, while another more lobster-like creature had no eyes at all.

Near Amsterdam Island, in the South Indian Ocean, the ship encountered a belt of gigantic seaweed, of which single plants are said to attain a length of a thousand feet and a thickness equal to that of a man's body.

A gale of snow, to which the vessel was exposed in the Antarctic Ocean, consisted of exquisite star-like crystals which burned the skin as if they were red hot. The history of the expedition abounds with similar unique experiences.

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.

MANY years ago there lived in this city a set of well-to-do young men—young men of inherited fortunes or with rich fathers—who adopted for their motto: "A short life and a merry one."

It was a very deceptive motto. It seemed to carry with it the implication that life could be made the merrier by making it short, and to suggest that the alternatives to choose between were a long and dull life on the one hand and a short and merry life on the other.

These young men construed dissipation to be but another name for pleasure. They cultivated the fashionable vices of the day, and in a few years a majority of them were dead, while those who survived were wrecked and ruined and prematurely aged. They had succeeded in shortening their lives, but not in making them merry!

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

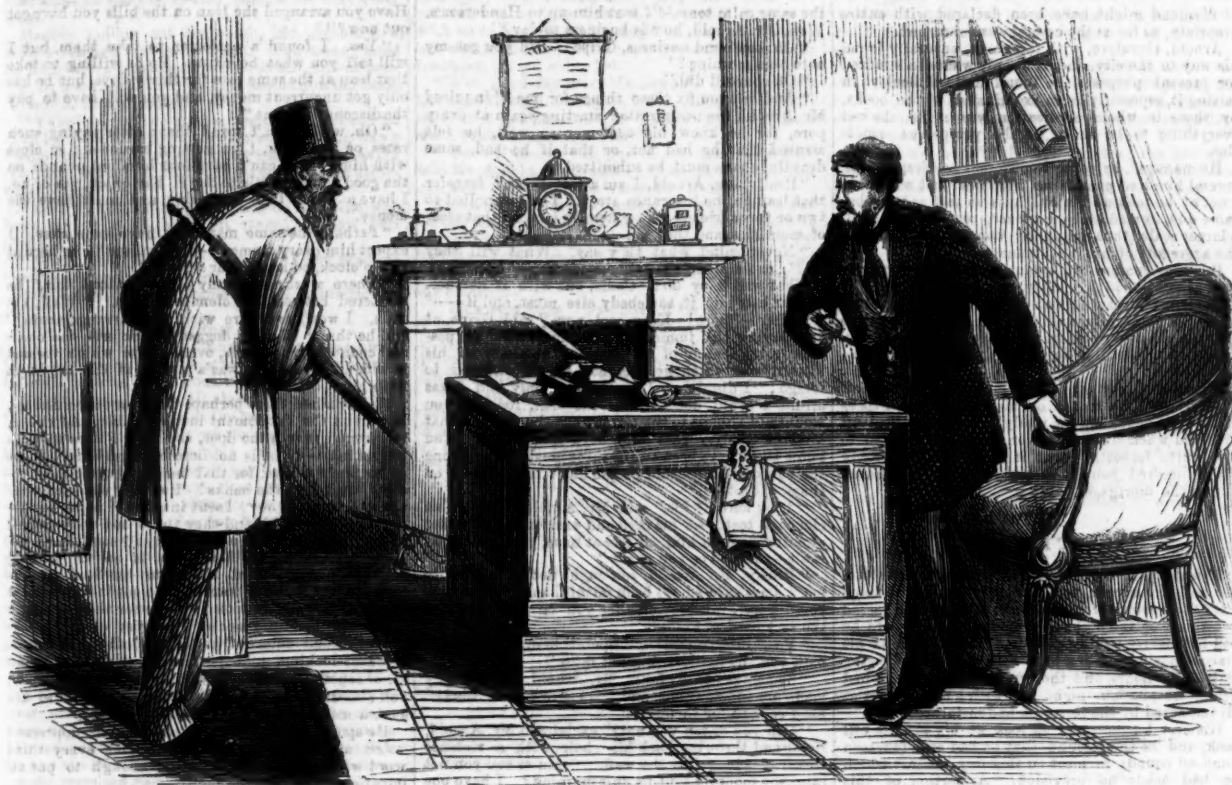
THE secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health, if they have lost it, or to keep it, if they have it still.

No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his bath, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected.

As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well, and when he looks bad he feels bad, as a general thing. There are times when one could guess, without looking in the glass, that his eyes were dull and his skin was mottled.

This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumer's, or for the lotion that the circulars praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and the happiness which usually comes with it are the true secrets of beauty.

TORMENTED.—Where all other means have failed to exterminate bedbugs, sulphurous acid gas has succeeded. Clear out the infested room, plug up all the windows tightly, close all chimneys, and empty about 1 oz. of powdered sulphur on a pan of hot coals, placed in the middle of the floor. Shut the doors and cover all cracks; let the sulphur burn as long as it will. Where the room is large, it is a good plan to fasten a bit of tin tube to the bottom of the pan, and to this connect enough small rubber pipe to lead out of the nearest door. By blowing into the end of the pipe with the bellows, the sulphur will be caused to burn more quickly by the draft created and to give a denser smoke. After the sulphur has burned out, paint all the cracks in the floor and around the mop board with a strong solution of corrosive sublimate, and treat the furniture to the same before replacing it. We have seen a room frightfully infested completely freed by this plan.



[FIVE HUNDRED PER CENT.]

TRUE WORTH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Well, there's no use trying to pick up spilled milk, said Mr. Hardman's friend. I suppose I must charge a part of that to profit and loss."

"You might as well put it in the wrong column," said Mr. Henderson; "you'll never see a penny of it unless your partner gets rid of the bills. Arnold might be, if he had only common sense, a rich man. The old firm were doing a capital business, and in a few years he might have been independent—but he spent as fast as he earned, and a little faster, and so we cut him loose. For my part I believe if you sift him now, you would find him many hundreds worse than nothing."

"Well, all I have to say is, that he is an idiot, and I am nearly related to him. Why, the fellow who brought me his bills told me—"

"Oh, I can tell you exactly what he told you," replied Mr. Henderson, laughingly interrupting him. "He told you that his Uncle George was a special partner, and had put in six thousand pounds."

"How on earth did you know that?"

"Because he tried the same game on me, not knowing that I had been his special myself."

"Confound that fellow. But there's no use in fretting about it, though it is provoking to see him going it so very strong on my money. And then that wife of his; how she dresses, and how she rigs out those children of hers, in silks and satins three or four times a day."

"Yes—you know the old adage—put a beggar on horseback, &c."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Only that I knew her before he married her. She was learning the dress-maker's trade with the woman who works for my wife, and I first saw her when she came down to my warehouse one day with a bill. He was a clerk under me, and boarded at the time with an aunt who had the care of him."

"There—that will do, Henderson—I don't want to hear any more. An idiot and his money—you know the rest. Come, let us go down to the beach," and the disagreeable topic was dropped.

Arnold, however, felt the effect of this, in one sense, to an extent of which he was entirely unconscious, for Mr. Robertson, the gentleman whose conversation with Mr. Henderson has just been detailed, repeated it to his wife, his wife to her friends, and each friend to their own particular intimate, so that

before many days had elapsed, he was known as "Three-per-cent."

It is an old saying, and in most cases most true, that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," but in the case of Robert Arnold the reverse was exactly the case.

If he had known or dreamed of the nature of the remarks made upon him and his family, and upon his extravagant expenditures, he would, in all human probability, have reflected, if he did no more.

But fate willed it otherwise, and he remained in blissful ignorance of the fact that he had become a bye-word when he thought he was the centre of attraction and admiration to the inmates of the house.

He was in the habit of visiting London on every Wednesday and returning on Saturday, going there for the purpose of seeing how matters were getting on at home and to protect certain obligations which matured generally as often as once in each week.

How these were met the reader need scarcely be told. New bills were made, and although his credit outside had been impaired by the frequency with which his bills came on the market, he managed to get them disposed of, but at rates that would have shocked any but those accustomed to the ways of the city.

During one of his weekly visits to the city, he was initiated into a scheme for making money rapidly which seemed so feasible and promising such certain success, he readily embarked in it. This was the establishment of an insurance company, of which he was to be made one of the directors.

A snaz party of twelve met together in the city, where, over a magnificent supper, the plan was broached, discussed, and adopted without one dissentient voice. By the means proposed they could raise—but no matter—let results speak for themselves. The reader will know in time what was the nature of that scheme, so cunningly devised and so adroitly carried into execution.

So certain was Robert of the success which must attend their magnificent scheme, and he felt so sure already of the money he could not fail to make, he drew up a couple of extra bills, and had them sold at the old rates, determined with the proceeds to create an extra sensation at Newport before the season closed, and he succeeded to his heart's content.

Even Belle, used as she was to his lavishness of expenditure, and ready as she ever was to give him due aid and encouragement in that department of

their domestic arrangements, had ventured, but very quietly, to remonstrate, but he silenced her at once by exhibiting to her delighted vision shares in the "Moonlight Fire Insurance Co.," to the amount of two thousand pounds; and when he boastfully assured her that every share was worth every pound it represented she felt that Newport was hardly large enough for her sphere of action, and longed for some other field on which she might achieve new victories.

But everything must have an end, and so must the season at Newport.

Ladies who had spent weeks in narrow, confined, and uncomfortable rooms—who had been seated daily at a table laden down with show—who had sacrificed health, peace and comfort, for the sake of saying they had passed the season at Newport, gladly returned to their own homes, half ashamed of their folly, yet perfectly ready to repeat it at the earliest opportunity on the call of fashion.

Mr. Arnold returned to the city immediately after the grand ball, of which, by the way, he was one of the managers, as the newspapers chronicled it, and which honour cost him exactly forty-two pounds, as he felt bound to give a supper in honour of the event, the bill of which summed up just those figures.

Business had not yet fairly commenced for the fall, and he had a couple of weeks left in which to examine into the condition of his affairs, and lay out his plans for the future.

An examination of his books showed him, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he was almost hopelessly involved.

In fact, that what with his extravagant private expenses, the enormous amounts he had paid for interest, or rather for temporary accommodations, added to the regular and necessary expenditures for his warehouse, he was worth nearly six thousand pounds less than nothing.

This was not very flattering, but it might be worse—at least, so he argued, though the reader may find some difficulty in reaching the same conclusion—and he determined to struggle on, in the vague and very faint hope that he might extricate himself from his present position.

At any rate, he was resolved not to come down until he was obliged to, and to hold up his head as long as possible.

An examination of the books of the Moonshine Company showed him that they were doing a prosperous business, that if it were not for appearance's sake, they might declare a dividend of twenty per cent. upon the capital invested, as the end of the first six months, and the result will show that twice that rate

of dividend might have been declared with entire propriety, so far as the capital was concerned.

Arnold, therefore, with this stock, naturally found his way to the city, and as he only wanted a hundred for present purposes, he found little difficulty in raising it, especially as an examination of the books, by those to whom application was made, showed everything to be in a highly prosperous condition.

He managed, by going to different parties, to raise several hundred pounds on his stock, and with this amount he took up his old bills as fast as they became due, immediately, however, renewing them on a larger scale, thus gradually increasing each week the aggregate of his indebtedness.

Business commenced again, and with every prospect of continued prosperity.

Customers flocked in and purchased largely, giving, of course, their bills, assuring him at the same time that the old ones would be promptly paid at maturity, an assertion which Robert readily believed, because he hoped so.

The second mortgage on his house he had paid off by borrowing the money on his own bills, and those of his customers, and he really felt quite a load off his mind when the satisfaction price was handed to him, quite forgetting that it had cost him nearly eight hundred pounds to pay off the six hundred due on the mortgage.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of October, and Mr. Arnold, who was again settled at home after their return from Newport, after having passed two-thirds of the night at a snore party, where he had lost nearly twenty pounds, found himself at his place of business with a head none the clearer, owing to his late hours, and the quantity of wine he had drunk the previous night, and with a temper not at all improved by the losses he had sustained.

His first business was to look at his private bill book, and he there found that he had over fourteen hundred pounds to meet on that day, against which he had made no provision. A portion of this amount was due on his insurance stock, and a portion on bills hypothecated at three per cent. a month, while there was over three hundred and sixty pounds in one bill which must be taken up.

Hastily penning a note to the broker who had thus far aided him through all his difficulties, or, to speak more plainly, who had aided to get him into his present straits, he essayed to turn his attention to the ordinary business of the day.

It was a busy day. Customers flocked in and purchased liberally. His salesmen and himself had their hands full, and he scarcely knew how time had passed, until a lull in the business of waiting on customers enabled him to look at his watch, and to his surprise, he found it was nearly two o'clock. The remembrance of his engagements for the day came upon him then with almost stunning force, and hastily giving a few directions to his clerks, he hurried to see his broker, who, he doubted not, had made matters all right.

Let us accompany him thither.

Mr. Gripe had located himself in an office removed from the immediate noise and bustle of the "street." In other words, he had a rear office, which was approached through a dark and narrow passageway, difficult to find, and not the most inviting place when discovered. A single desk, covered with loose papers, two huge wooden-bottom arm-chairs, and a small sheet-iron stove constituted the furniture of the apartment; and even these could not be distinguished until the visitor had closed his eyes for a few moments, that he might accustom them to the dim range of vision allowed by the high walls which bounded the location of this office.

Mr. Gripe was misnamed, if any judgment could be formed from appearance. He was a pleasant, rotund, mild-looking man—the very incarnation of apparent good humour, and his readiness to serve (professedly) was only equalled by the deep sympathy he expressed for the necessities of those who were driven to seek aid from his ready hand.

It was two o'clock by Bow Church as Mr. Arnold entered this place, reeking with perspiration, and flushed with excitement, for he had almost run every step of the way.

"Well, Gripe," he said, throwing himself into the only vacant chair, and drawing his handkerchief from his pocket he wiped his brow, "I suppose you have fixed that matter for me?"

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Arnold?" said Mr. Gripe, coolly laying down his pen, and very deliberately laying the blotter on the paper on which he had been writing, "just wait a moment," and as deliberately he folded, sealed, and directed the note he had just penned. "Here, John," and he turned as if to seek the person addressed. "Oh, I forgot," he said, in

the same calm tone—"I sent him up to Henderson's, Well, Mr. Arnold, how is business to-day?"

"Oh, confusion business, Gripe! Did you get my note this morning?"

"Of course I did."

"And did you fix those things for me?" inquired Mr. Arnold, the perspiration starting again at every pore, for he knew his customer so well, he felt assured that he had not, or that if he had, some dreadful shame must be submitted to.

"Really, Mr. Arnold, I am afraid I can't transfer that loan on the insurance stock. I have applied to two or three friends who generally lend on that class of securities, and they say—"

"Never mind what they say. What will they do?" exclaimed the almost frenzied merchant. "What will they do? Come, out with it at once. If you can't do it, somebody else must, and if—"

"There—there! Keep cool, now," said Gripe, at once seeing the immense advantage which he possessed, by reason of the obvious necessity of his visitor, and which he was not at all disposed to forego; "I didn't say I couldn't. I only said I was afraid I could not transfer the loan, for fear you would not submit to the terms; but the truth is, that kind of security goes very hard now—days. You know there have been two or three breakdowns among the new companies, and people don't like to lend on them, except—"

"Look here, Gripe," said Mr. Arnold, through his clenched teeth, for his rage and excitement together almost mastered him. "Say at once, you can or you can't—you will or you won't?"

"Really, Mr. Arnold, you ought not to talk so to me. I am sure I have been faithful and prompt with you. I have raised money for you on callables of the very hardest kind."

"Yes," interrupted the desperate man, "and I have paid you the hardest kind of rates."

"That was not my fault, Mr. Arnold. I have only made my commissions, and I am sure I have worked hard enough for them."

"Can you or can you not?" exclaimed Mr. Arnold, rising and throwing back his chair with a violence which sent it against the wall. "Can or can you not raise the money I sent for this morning? I have one bill of nearly four hundred pounds out, which must be taken up to-day."

"Well, Mr. Arnold," replied the imperturbable Gripe, whose equanimity of temper was not in the least disturbed by this little chublation on the part of Mr. Arnold, for he had often witnessed it before on similar occasions; "I have found one man who is willing to advance the amount, if you will pay for the risk he runs."

"And what do you call pay?" said Mr. Arnold through his set teeth.

"Well, he is willing to loan six hundred pounds on the one thousand two hundred pounds of stock, for sixty days, but he wants sixty pounds for the money."

Mr. Arnold's first impulse was to seize the chair on which he had been seated, and with it to batter out the brains of his stoical tormentor. His next thought was that such a course was not likely to extricate him from his present difficulties, and his last was to accept the offer.

True, it was perfectly terrible—nearly six per cent a month—but then he had more at stake than the broker dreamed of, and that was worth more to him than sixty pounds.

His efforts to keep down the terrible excitement which was consuming him only made it the more apparent, and Mr. Gripe gazed calmly at him with his cold grey eyes, with an expression, however, of triumph, for he knew that his terms were accepted.

"Let me see a moment," and Mr. Arnold drew up the chair which he had flung away, and seated himself at the desk by the side of his friendly tormentor.

"Here, take my seat if you want to write," said Gripe, moving leisurely from his own chair, for he never did anything rapidly; but Arnold was already seated, and had begun to cover a half-sheet of paper with figures.

But it was in vain. His brain was whirling—he could not calculate—he could scarcely tell what he was trying to do. Money he must have, and that at once, and where else to procure it he knew not.

Springing up, he said with an air of forced calmness, which did not deceive the experienced broker, "Well, Gripe, I must take it this time, but I promise you I'll never be caught in such a scrape again. When I bring you good securities, I don't intend to pay more than five hundred per cent. after this," and he smiled a ghastly smile.

"As you choose, Mr. Arnold. I think myself it is a terrible bargain, but it is the best that I can do for you now. Shall I tell him you will take it?"

"Yes, confound him. I must take it this time. But you know I wrote that I wanted four hundred pounds more on some bills, until you can sell them."

Have you arranged the loan on the bills you have got out now?"

"Yes. I found a customer to take them, but I will tell you what he wants. He is willing to take that loan at the same rate for thirty days, but he has only got uncurrent money, and you will have to pay the discount on that."

"Oh, well, I don't mind that; after paying such rates on the stock, I am getting hardened; so close with him. Now can I have four hundred pounds on the good country bills to-day? Say quick, yes or no. I have a bill to take up to-day, and must have the money."

"Perhaps the same man may have some over. I expect him every moment—he promised to be here at two o'clock, to learn your answer."

"There must not be any perhaps about this," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "Well, I'll wait. I won't interfere with your arrangements," and he threw himself doggedly back into the chair and counted the seconds, every one of which seemed to him an hour, for it was a matter of life or death with him.

He remained there perhaps three or four minutes, but found the excitement insupportable, and rising, he moved toward the door, saying, "I'll be back in ten minutes—if he is not here by that time, I must go somewhere else, for that money I must have to-day. Confound the banks! I wonder what use they are to a man, anyhow. I sent in a list of paper yesterday as good as gold, and they threw out every pound of it. If it had not been for that I could have gone along well enough. But there is no use talking of that now. I must have four hundred pounds more to-day," and I want you to get it for at least thirty days, and he took his leave for the present.

Scarcely had he reached the street when the expected friend entered Mr. Gripe's office. A small, pleasant-looking, mild-speaking gent-man, with an air of sanctimony about him that imposed confidence, and almost made one think it was an honour to use such a man's money at almost any rate.

He spoke very slowly, in a low, half-suppressed voice, and had a fashion of prefacing every third word with an "ah," which was enough to put an impatient man upon the rack.

"Ah, Mr. Gripe," he said, or rather whispered, for he spoke so low; "I could not get here before. Ha, ah, has the party been in about that loan?"

"Yes, Mr. Butman. He says he will take it, though the terms are dreadfully high."

"Yes—ah, well. I can get that for my money. In fact, ah, I can make a similar loan upon, ah, exactly the same terms, and, ah, I want to know at once. I don't think, ah, forty pounds is, ah, too much for the risk. You know, ah, Mr. Gripe, money is very tight now."

"Oh, yes, he will take it this time. You have the four hundred pounds over I spoke for besides this?"

"Ah, yes, I have partly promised it at, ah, a shilling a day. I suppose I could let you have it at the same rate. Ah, how long do you want it?"

"For thirty days."

"Ah, I don't like to let it lay idle so long"—only ninety odd per cent. a year. "Ah, I love to keep my money moving. Ah, you can have it for ten days at that rate."

And he approached his mouth very close to the broker's ear, lest the walls should overhear his words.

"Well, I'll take it for ten days, and by that time I can get to in better terms."

"Ah, you must give me a stock bill, you know."

"Oh, yes, I'll fix that. You go and get the money and I will fix matters up right. Come, Mr. Butman, it is after two o'clock."

"Ah, yes, I see it is," he said, coolly, pulling out his watch. "It is twenty minutes past. I will be here in twenty minutes." And he left the office with his bland smile, as if he had performed an act of Christian charity, while Mr. Gripe threw himself back in his chair, and drumming upon the desk with his fingers, appeared to be employed in very pleasant mental calculations, for a smile stole across his generally impassable features, and his cold gray eyes were lighted up with unwonted animation.

Mr. Arnold did not leave him long to his meditations, but rushed in, and, taking off his hat, drew from it a number of bills, which he held out before the broker.

"There, Gripe, there are the bills! Can you raise me the four hundred pounds—yes or no, quick?"

"Well, the party says he will let me have it for ten days."

"Ten days won't do," hastily interrupted Mr. Arnold; "ten days won't do."

"He won't lend it any longer, and he wants two shillings a day at that." And Mr. Gripe did not blush at all as he spoke, for he knew his customer, and had added the extra shilling per day for his own

benefit, as he had the twenty pounds on that other loan.

Hastily pulling out his watch, Mr. Arnold saw that it was half-past two o'clock. The money must be had before three to take up this bill, and clenching his teeth, he threw the bills down upon the desk, saying, or rather hissing:

"Take it—I will do it now, but do you see and fix it up before the ten days are over at something like a decent rate. I don't mind being skinned, or having the flesh rubbed off, but you scrape the bones sometimes, Grippe."

"Really, Mr. Arnold, I do not do it. Men who have money won't let it out except on their own terms."

"Well, hang the terms now. Will you send me round a cheque before three o'clock?"

"Of course I will, if I promise—did I ever deceive you?"

"No, Grippe, I can't say that, but—"

He did not finish the sentence, but was about leaving when the broker arrested him, and placing before him some blank stock bills, said:

"Sign them—I will fill them in, and bring you the money round as soon as the party comes in."

Arnold did as he was requested, and hurried off to his warehouse, immeasurably relieved in having obtained the needed money at any rate, for it enabled him to postpone for a short time the crash which he could not but feel must come sooner or later.

Hastening through the warehouse, he entered his private office, and threw himself into a chair, facing the clock which hung in the extreme end of the room between the windows.

Ten minutes to three, and the money had not yet arrived. His face was growing paler and paler at every tick of the clock—the cold perspiration was gathering at every pore, and his lips were of an ashen colour.

An agitation which seemed uncontrollable as it was terrible, shook his frame, and mechanically he drew out his watch to compare it with the clock. They were both alike, so there could be no mistake. The seconds were into minutes—minutes seemed to fly, and the hand pointed to five minutes before three, but the promised money had not reached him.

"He cannot—he dare not. Oh, what an idiot—what a worse than idiot, I am! Ah, Grippe, you have come," he exclaimed, springing up as the door was opened, and the stolid face of the broker peered in. "Come in. Where is the money? Look at the clock."

"Oh, time enough," said the broker deliberately, drawing his long wallet from the breast pocket of his coat, and opening it, he displayed a pile of bills. "I did not wish to trust to a cheque at so late an hour, so I brought the bills;" and very leisurely he commenced to take them from his wallet for the purpose of counting them.

"I can't stop for that now. See, Grippe, it only wants three minutes. How much is there here—quick? Year's stop to count it."

"Five hundred and seventy-nine pounds—broker, age off—and I have the promise of—"

"Oh, hang your promises now. Here, Joseph," he exclaimed, opening the office door, and calling to a clerk who had charge of the banking business. "Run, Joseph, faster than you ever ran before. There are five hundred and seventy-nine pounds. There is the bank notice for the bill due to-day, five hundred and seventy-two pounds. Run, and don't come back without it. Quick, sir—fly—you haven't but three minutes to get to the bank;" and he watched the exit of the clerk with an eagerness which showed plainly that he would gladly have lent wings to his tardy feet.

As the clerk disappeared through the front door, Mr. Arnold's strength seemed entirely to forsake him, and sinking into a chair with an air of exhaustion, which seemed almost unwarrantable, under such ordinary circumstances, he wiped the perspiration from his face and forehead, and drew one long, deep sigh—it was a sigh of relief—a sigh which spoke of a load removed from his heart—a sigh which told how bitter would have been the draught which he must needs have drained, had he not resolved the promised relief.

"Thank Heaven that is safe!" he said, or rather muttered, for he was not inaudible to the presence of the agent, who stood there ready to devour what little was left of him.

"I have the partial promise, Mr. Arnold," Mr. Grippe began.

"Mr. Grippe, be pleased not to say another word now. I don't feel like saying or doing anything at present. The excitement of this afternoon, added to the regular business of the day, has entirely unmaned me. Really, you must excuse me. To-morrow I will talk about it—to-day I cannot;" and he uttered the last word with an emphasis which caused the generally stoical Mr. Grippe to open his

cold grey eyes a thousandth part more than was natural, and to draw down the corners of his mouth with an expression which might mean many things, but which, as there was no one present to notice or interpret, passed unheeded.

"Well, good-day then, Mr. Arnold. I am glad you have got through to-day so well. I hope you won't leave it so late next time, for I assure you I had hard work to raise anything at all."

"Yes—of course—oh yes—I am much obliged," said Mr. Arnold, mechanically, as he bowed the broker out, and turned again to watch the clock.

The hour of three had passed by five minutes, and Joseph had not returned. Again his face began to assume the deadly pallor which had clothed it before Mr. Grippe appeared with the money, but which the sight of the welcome relief had chased away for the moment.

"He's very long. I wonder if he was late. Oh, if it should be—phew—what a coward does conscience make of one. Ah, here he comes. Well, did you get the bill?" he eagerly exclaimed, as the clerk entered the office, breathless with haste.

"Yes, sir; here it is. It was as much as ever, though. The notary had got hold of it, and wanted to protest it, and I had to stick up to him that I was in there before three o'clock. But I got it, Mr. Arnold," and he handed the bill to his employer, who fairly clutching at it, crumpled it between his fingers, and said hurriedly, "Thank you, Joseph; it was well done. I am much obliged. Shut the door if you please," and in another moment he was alone.

A long, deep-drawn sigh followed the closing of the door upon the retiring clerk, and for a few moments Mr. Arnold remained mute and motionless—so motionless, it would have seemed to a casual observer that life had passed away.

Slowly arising, he approached the fire-place, and tearing up the bill just handed to him into particles as small as could be done, he threw them into the grate, and as the last pieces fell like small snowflakes upon the dark grate-pan, he drew a long breath, and exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, that is out of the way?"

CHAPTER XX.

DURING the remainder of the day Mr. Arnold was himself again. That bill was out of the way. He had the certainty of a respite for ten days, and as to the Insurance Stock and the bills previously hypothecated, he was at present easy.

His bill-book showed that with the exception of the four hundred pounds loan just made, he had nothing to meet until the first of the month for which he could not provide without extraordinary effort.

During the afternoon, several customers came in, and in the hurry and bustle of waiting upon them (for his necessities compelled him to dispose of his goods even at a loss), he forgot the terrible annoyance of the morning.

But the day drew to a close; a hasty glance at his books showed that he had sold a fair quantity of goods, and to good customers, and with a few brief directions to his clerks he started homewards.

An impulse, as suddenly obeyed as formed, led him to visit Mr. Hardman instead of going directly home as was his first intention, and he wended his way towards that gentleman's house.

His thoughts as he walked rapidly onward were not of the most pleasant character. He could not disguise from himself the fact that he was going to ruin fast, and yet he clung to the vain hope that something might transpire which would save him. He did not think of the ultimate consequences which a continuance in his present course must ensue. He did not think of the probable—nay, certain loss of character and reputation, which must follow when his true condition was known, as known it must be. He did not think of the suffering which his course might entail on others. He thought only of the present; only how to avoid present disaster; how to ward off the blow which was to destroy him from his present position; for he thought more just now of that position than of character, standing, reputation, or even honour.

He had reached, as he vainly thought, an eminence from which he could look down upon many who had formerly looked down upon him, little dreaming that they were gazing at his rocket-like flight, and awaiting calmly, but with certainty, the moment when he would come down a stick.

He was in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury which means could procure. He had the elegant house, his horses and carriage, his wines, his dinner and supper parties. His house was the resort of many fashionable nothings, whom his wife had gathered around her, and who, while they ate

his suppers, drank his wine, and generously lent their aid to spend his money, laughingly and heartlessly wondered how much longer he would hold out.

But he only saw one side of the picture, and even if he could have reversed and been compelled to study it, it is doubtful if he could, in his present state of mind, be brought to believe in the possibility of its reality.

But he was at Mr. Hardman's door; the bell was rung, and before he had really made up his mind as to the object of his visit, he was in the library, in the presence of one who had ever proved to be his best and truest friend—one who had counselled and warned him against the career which had placed him in the position in which he now found himself, and from which he saw no present hope of rescue.

Mr. Hardman was cordial in his greeting as he ever was, for he was really interested in, and strongly attached to Mr. Arnold, and while wishing to see him prosper, had often regretted his continuance in that course whose end was so surely foreshadowed by his experience.

Robert essayed to be familiar as of old, but there was a something which checked him. Surely it was not in the manner of Mr. Hardman, for that had undergone no change. It was perhaps in the consciousness that he did not merit so kind a reception—that he was no longer worthy of the warm interest so often and so long manifested by words and by deeds.

"Sit down, Robert, sit down. You don't call as often as you used to. I have wondered what has become of you of late, and my wife has often spoken about it."

"I have been very busy, Mr. Hardman—very busy indeed."

"Yes, I suppose so, but you used to find time to come and see me now and then."

And if there was no reproach in his tone, nor any meant in the words, Robert felt that he deserved the rebuke, and colouring slightly, he took the proffered seat.

"Well, and how goes the world? Making your fortune, I hope?"

"Well, working very hard for it. I can't say that I have made one yet, but I hope to do so before I die."

"No one has a better chance than yourself. Young, active, energetic, and well posted up. How do you get on alone?"

"Oh, I have no cause of complaint. I sell as much as I expected to, but times are hard—money is very tight."

"Not so very hard after all, young man. Only got a few hundreds ahead, and you may laugh at hard times."

"But I have not got that far. My hundreds have got to come yet. The banks won't do anything for a man now-a-days."

"Yes, they will for any legitimate business operation, but they won't risk other people's money on idle speculations, or lend it to careless, extravagant, thoughtless men. I know I wouldn't if I was president of any bank."

Robert winced a little under this remark, but made no comment.

"I had to raise some money to-day, and the rates were perfectly awful," he said.

"But you had no business to pay awful rates. What business have you to want money? You know your business, and you have no right to go beyond your means to meet your obligations."

For a few moments Robert Arnold remained silent. He was debating in his own mind whether he should or not open to his friend his true condition.

He weighed rapidly the pros and cons, and his decision was formed by the remembrance of the last conversation had in that very room, when Mr. Hardman had counselled him not to enter upon his present business.

Restraining himself, therefore, though his conscience chided him for having anything which he wished to conceal from so true and kind a friend, he changed the conversation by remarking upon a failure which had occurred that day, and which had been pretty freely canvassed in mercantile circles.

"I only wonder they did not fail long ago," was the cool remark of Mr. Hardman. "No man can do business honourably or honestly, who continues to borrow money as they did, at two and three per cent. a month. No business in the city can stand such rates."

Robert winced again under this rebuke, for two or three per cent. was a trifle compared with what he had been paying for months past, to which Mr. Grippe's books as well as his own could testify.

"I know they were on their last legs some time ago, and I only wonder that they held out so long as they did."

"Have you any of their papers?"

"Only a trifle—but it is so strongly endorsed, I shall not lose anything. By-the-way, I saw a piece of yours sometime ago, but I did not buy it. It had your uncle's endorsement, and I was rather surprised to see it in the street, as I know he is very particular about that."

As Mr. Hardman uttered these words, Robert felt a sinking sensation come over him. He grew pale—a cold perspiration started at every pore, and he sank back in his chair, perfectly powerless to move or speak.

"What's the matter, man?" said Mr. Hardman, whose notice this sudden change had not failed to attract.

"Nothing, nothing," said Robert, forcing himself into composure. "I have been very busy all day—so busy I have not eaten or drunk a mouthful, and I suppose that has made me faint."

"Well, we'll have tea directly. Come down, and we will try to find something substantial for you."

"No, no, thank you, I must get home. I want rest and quiet, and I had better get off at once. I just dropped in to see how you all were. Mr. Hardman," said Robert, suddenly starting up, and speaking with an earnestness entirely uncalled for by the occasion; "I want you to do me a favour—will you?"

"Let me know what it is first. I never make blind promises."

"Don't let my uncle know that you saw that bill. I would not have him know that I had—"

"Oh, I can grant that very readily," replied Mr. Hardman, with a smile. "In the first place, I seldom mention to any one that I have seen their paper. And in the next place, I rather think it is lodged in the bank for collection. It was in good hands, I promise that. I should not have thought of it again if it was not for seeing you now, and I should not have mentioned such a thing to any one but you. So make your mind easy on that score. I suppose you did not wish him to know that his name was on the street."

"Exactly," said Robert, brightening up at the suggestion.

"Well, you need not give yourself any uneasiness. He will never hear of it unless you don't pay."

"Thank you, Mr. Hardman, thank you. I am really obliged to you," said Robert, with warmth, and seizing his friend's hand, he pressed it fervently as he bade him good-night.

As he reached the street, and the door of his friend's mansion was closed upon him, Robert drew a long breath. Taking off his hat, he wiped his brow and face, which were reeking with perspiration, and muttered, "Thank Heaven, that's safe."

He had intended when he found himself in the presence of his kind friend, to tell him all—to lay open his whole soul, and asking his advice to follow it faithfully. But he was weak and vacillating, and a single allusion to circumstances parallel to his own, and which Mr. Hardman had so openly condemned, changed at once the current of his thoughts and his good resolutions.

{To be continued.}

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

EVER memorable in the history of the White Hill, will be that eventful August night when the crumbling mountains buried the Willey family beneath their crushing weight, and turned their smiling farm into a sandy desert. Their fate will ever be remembered in connection with the house that bears their name, standing even yet in the shadows of the Great Notch, calling vividly to the mind of the tourist the tragedy enacted there in the years ago. The fact that the family did not succeed in their efforts to escape from the slides, has invested this locality with more than ordinary interest. But during that eventful night there were other scenes enacted about the mountains, that rivalled that which transpired at the Willey House; scenes of thrilling adventure, and which have only been forgotten by the public, and remained unchronicled by the historian, from the fact that those who took part in the thrilling drama escaped with their lives.

One of these half-forgotten stories, that are remembered now only by the oldest inhabitants, and which I had from the lips of one that has always dwelt in the shadow of the mountain, and who barely escaped with his life on the night to which I have referred, I will now relate, giving it as far as possible in his own words:

"You ask me for a story of the mountains; one of the days when I came up into the wilderness to settle. Well, I will do my best to gratify you; though perhaps when I am done you may think you have not been paid for listening.

"I was not one of the first to settle about the

mountains. At least twenty years before the settlement had been begun in this valley, and when I and my wife came to build up a home in this region, we found the land all taken up along the banks of the Saco, and that none of the owners was desirous of parting with their clearing, or cared to sell any of their still untouched tract of forest; so I was obliged to push still further into the mountains, leaving behind the neighbours I was in hopes to have dwelt beside, and getting, instead, the wild beasts, that in those days roamed the forest in every direction.

"Near the heart of the settlement a large stream came out from among the mountains and united with the river, and following up the course of this for some three miles, there was a small valley scooped out like a huge bowl from among the mountains. The level ground did not exceed fifty acres; but that was as much as I cared to own, and more than I should cultivate; and in this spot I built my cabin and went to work clearing the land about it.

"The valley was almost circular in slope, and on every side the mountain ran up for at least two thousand feet, except one place to the south, where there was a narrow pass, down through which the noisy stream went tumbling towards the Saco. To all appearances, this path had been left for or cut away by the stream that entered the valley on the opposite side, tumbling hundreds of feet down the steep mountain sides. In the dry weather of the summer the bed of the stream was almost destitute of water, but in spring and fall it was swollen to the size of a river, and went dashing through the narrow valley with a resistless power.

"For four years we dwelt in peace and happiness in the valley; and by the end of that time two children had been given to us; and without help I had cleared a large portion of the valley, that brought forth in return crops as abundant as I could wish, and the people down on the Saco who came now and then to see us, declared that there was not another spot so fruitful among the mountains, and that it was lucky for me I had found no chance to locate further down.

"Only one thing did they object to; and that was the mountains, so close about us that they seemed ready at any moment to topple down upon our heads, and crush us beneath their weight. There were one or two deep ravines down their sides that marked the courses of some great slide that had occurred long ago, and now and then a thought would obtrude itself upon our fancied security that some day it might happen again, and bury us beneath the rocks and sand; but as time went on, and nothing occurred to startle us, save now and then a single rock would come crashing down, all thought of danger was forgotten, unless it was spoken of by our friends; and so time went on, until the fourth summer of our tarry among the hills had come.

"All those that dwelt in the neighbourhood of the mountains had never seen such a summer before. Day after day the dark heavy clouds would threaten rain, as they gathered in huge masses upon the mountain tops; but they would break and roll away without sending a drop down upon the parched earth that was longing to receive it. The crops that in the first part of the season had looked so flourishing, drooped and withered on the dry ground, and the settlers said one to another, that unless rain came soon, there would be a famine among them when winter should come. Day after day the great clouds gathered and hung like a pall above the mountains; then dispersed to gather again, and still the eagerly, long looked for rain came not. But it came at last, and all too soon for some.

"One afternoon I was at work in the edge of the forest, busily engaged in making shingles to cover the frame house, that I meant another spring should take the place of the log cabin in which we had dwelt since coming among the mountains. The day had been more than usually sultry, although the sun had showed its face but little, and now had gone down behind the great mass of clouds that had gathered, thicker than ever, upon the mountain tops to the south and west, and which, instead of remaining stationary, as they had the day before for a good part of the time, were now hurrying wildly hither and thither, as if moved about by strong winds coming in opposite directions. So busy had I been that day I had paid little attention to the appearance of the heavens, and perhaps should not then have noticed that she said she had been watching all the afternoon from the doorway, so strangely had they appeared to her. My day's work was nearly done, and as she had left the children asleep, she remained with me until I was through, and then we walked home together, thinking and talking only of the wild scene before us, and startled once by the screech of a panther high up on the mountain, that sounded much like a human voice, and drowned at last by the roll of distant thunder.

"What was that, Robert?" exclaimed my wife, as she drew closer to me. "I am sure that it sounded like a human being in distress."

"Only a panther, Mary. Surely you have lived long enough in the woods to know the sound of one by this time."

"But that sounded so strangely, Robert. Surely I never heard anything like it before. And that thunder, how heavy it was!"

"You are nervous to-night, Mary, to let a panther, or much less, the thunder, disturb you. Let us hope we shall have a storm, and one that will soak the ground. I wish that it might rain until morning as it never did before."

"That was a careless speech, and though it was said lightly then, I often thought of it in after days."

"I don't know what has ailed me to-day, Robert, but I have felt as though something terrible was going to happen. Somehow, I never before had the fear of the mountains so upon me. They look to-night as though they would crumble at the slightest touch. You know there have been slides on the other side of the mountains, and what if they should happen here?"

"I don't think there is any danger of slides here, Mary, or of a flood, either; but if they should come, and we be in danger in the cabin, there is the Indian Rock to flee to, and once upon that, no harm can come to us."

"The rock thus referred to was a large boulder, twice the size of the cabin, and standing perhaps twenty rods therefrom. Some time in the past it had come tumbling down from the mountain-side, and found a resting-place in the valley. Its highest point was about twenty feet from the ground, and its lowest about half that distance. More than once we had thought and talked of this as a place of refuge in case of slides menacing the cabin, and in clearing about it I had piled up a number of logs against its lowest side, so that its summit could be reached without difficulty."

"We paused at the door, and gazed for a moment on the fast darkening heavens, and then entered the cabin. The children awoke at our entrance, and I took them upon my knees, while Mary, with now and then an anxious glance through the open doorway, prepared our supper, which ere long she announced as ready."

"By the time the meal was concluded night set in with a darkness that could be almost felt, and in a little time the rain came pouring down in torrents, while every now and then the lightning lit up the gloom without, and the thunder went rolling and crashing among the hills with a volume that it seemed I had never heard before. At least one cause we had to be thankful. The rain so long looked and hoped for had come at last. It was some time after we retired before we could sleep, the roar of the storm without was so incessant, but tired nature succumbed at last, and I was oblivious to all that was passing."

"How long I slept I know not. I awoke with a start, and found my wife clinging in terror to my arm, and her voice sounding in my ear:

"For the love of Heaven, Robert, awake! Surely our last hour has come."

"For a moment I could not comprehend the situation or the meaning of the terrible roar that filled my ears. I sprang to my feet, and the action brought me to myself."

"A vivid flash of lightning at that moment lit up the scene without, and to my horror I saw the summit of one of the mountains moving from its place."

"A moment later and all was darkness, while a fearful roar sounded in our ears, as the crumbling mountain came thundering into the valley a short distance below us."

"For a moment there was a silence, if a roar of rain upon the roof could be so called, and then there came another deafening crash. Another pinnacle of the mountain had come thundering down the valley, and this time the fire flashing from the rocks as they clashed together marked the course of the slide."

"Courage, wife," I said to the trembling woman by my side, clasping our children in her embrace. "We have not been harmed yet, and it may be that the danger will pass us by. Wrap the children up well, for it may be that we shall have to seek safety upon the rock."

"Pulling some of the clothes from the bed, she proceeded to wrap them about the children with what haste she could, while I walked to the window and waited for a flash of lightning to show me what was going on without. It came at last, and I saw a sight that almost killed my blood with terror. The great slide that had come down when I first awoke, had reached entirely across the narrow valley, drenching up the stream, and all below the cabin, reaching up to the very door, was one sheet of foaming water. For a moment it seemed as though I could neither speak

nor stir, but I roused myself at last. Five minutes more, and the cabin would be afloat and we be lost. The Indian Rock was our only place of refuge now.

"Come, Mary, we are no longer safe here," I said as I took the eldest child in my arms. "If we can reach the Indian Rock, I hope we shall be safe from all but the fury of the rain."

"Her only answer was to clutch my arm with a grasp like a vice, and thus, with our children sheltered in our arms as best we could, we went out into the tempest and the flood, that whirled and eddied about as if determined to swallow us up, while the rocks crashing down on every side seemed poised above our heads. It was fearful, battling thus with the angry surging waters, but we triumphed at last, and in the gloom before us rose the dim outlines of the Indian Rock. Once on that, we hoped to be safe from the flood, and the crumbling mountains above us. The logs that I have before mentioned as having piled against the rock were there, but just on the point of being floated away, having risen at least two feet from the ground. With some exertion Mary and the children were placed thereon, and thence to the rock, and just as I reached their side, they floated away. But we could spare them now, after gaining the haven we had sought."

"On the summit of the rock a few stunted trees had sprung up from the scanty soil, and under these I placed Mary and the children, though they afforded little protection from the torrent of rain that came down as if another deluge had indeed come; but we tried to be thankful, as indeed we had cause to be, as by the incessant lightning, and the light emitted from the falling rocks we saw a great slide come crashing down the mountain-side, overwhelming the cabin we had just left, and which was already afloat upon the water. To my dying day I shall never forget the horrors of that night; the pouring torrents, the crumbling mountains, and the wild surging of the waters, lit up by the blinding glare of the lightning. It was such a scene that no man could forget in a lifetime."

"One danger only now menaced us, save the exposure to the elements; and that was, that the water would rise so high as to sweep us from the rock before it should find a channel through the great slide at the bottom of the valley, or the rain should cease to augment the waters; but as the minutes passed, one after another, the clouds gave no sign of breaking, and higher and higher came the water, as if determined upon our destruction, augmented by the torrents that the lightning showed pouring into the valley from every crag on either side."

"An hour passed, and the water was almost to our feet, and, as drowning men clutch at straws, so did we watch for any sign that the sky was clearing or that the great mass of water had found an outlet from the valley. Half an hour longer we were standing with the water almost to our shoulders, with all but the last hope gone that man has of life. A little longer, and that too would be gone."

"Suddenly there came a mighty roar, and a moment later the waters surged about us like the waves of a sea. Then they receded, and a thrill of joy ran through our benumbed bodies. We knew that the river had broken through and that we were saved."

"Morning came at last, and with the first early dawn the storm cleared away. Later, the sun came out, bright and beautiful, but what a ruin it gazed upon!"

"The smiling valley was a desert of stones and sand, its fertility gone for ever, and to this day no thing but stunted bushes grow there."

"That day we made our way sorrowfully into the valley below, but when, later, in the day, came the sad news from the Great Notch, we felt thankful that ours had not been the fate of the Willey family."

A. L. M.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

THERE has been little doing and little novelty during the past week. The Haymarket continues "Easy Shaving" and "London Assurance," the Adelphi "Colleen Bawn," and "Struck Oil."

TOOLE has run out his short engagement at the Gaiety, with Tottles, Professor Muddle, Harry Coko, Spriggins, and Scenes from "Paul Pry."

At the Strand Mrs. Swanborough has revived the "Field of Cloth and Gold." "Ours" is the stock attraction at the Prince of Wales's, with Mrs. Leigh Murray and Marie Wilton, supported by Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Archer, Mr. Collette, Mr. Flockton, and Mr. Teedale.

The Alhambra continues "Le Voyage dans la

Lune," with the Snow Ballet and Mlle Pitteri.

At the Criterion "The Great Divorce Case," and "Mary's Secret" are playing by an excellent company, including Messrs. J. Clarke, Righion, Standing and Ashley, and Madames Vining, Hayes, Coveney, Eastlake and Myra Holme.

At Covent Garden, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti opened on Saturday with their Promenade Concerts, conducted by Signor Arditi.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE Balfé Memorial Festival, a most laudable design to honour the memory of the most popular of English composers, Michael William Balfé, was most successfully carried out on the 29th. The festival originated in a desire to found a free scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, to be called the Balfé Scholarship, and the hearty response given by the public warrants the hope that the praiseworthy object is attained. The visitors, notwithstanding it being made a half-crown day, and the prices of reserved or numbered seats for the concert and the subsequent opera being five shillings and half-a-crown, numbered fourteen thousand, and to the attractiveness of the programme was added the cheering influences of a bright summer day. The admirers of true, genuine, and spontaneous melody, as distinguished from the elaborated, pedantic, and often fantastic and discordant writings of so-called "great composers," had a high treat and a gratifying triumph in a whole day's enjoyment of the wealth of harmony, the sweet, sentimental, pathetic, and familiar song with which the genius of England's most popular musician has endowed us. The very air throughout the whole day was redolent of the strains of Balfé. The performances opened by Mr. Frederic Archer on the great organ, rolling forth the overture to the "Bondman," with selections from "Blanche de Nevers," "Catherine Grey," and "The Puritan's Daughter." This was followed by a grand concert in the Central Hall, of which the first and most considerable portion consisted of selections from "Il Talismano." Balfé's latest operatic production. This was conducted by the facile princeps of modern choral orchestres, Sir Michael Costa, and opened with a MS. overture, "The Talisman," admirably played, and exhibiting the rich, picturesque, dramatic, and flowing style of a composer whose his countrymen, at least the critical or pseudo-critical portion, were censurably slow to honour.

Then came the first appearance at the Alexandra Palace of the gifted cantatrice Mlle. Christine Nilsson, whose appearance was greeted with enthusiasm, and whose share in this "labour of love" enhanced the warmth of her welcome. The songs of "Edith Plantagenet" are identified with this lady's charming impersonation of the heroine of "The Talisman," and "Edith's Prayer" (Placidia notte), the duet, "Keep this Ring" (with Mr. Edward Lloyd), and "Radiant Splendours," enchanted the crowded auditory. The second and third could not escape an encore, and this onerous demand was acceded to by the lady with a smiling courtesy that enhanced the grace of the occasion. The same compliance was shown by Mr. Edward Lloyd in repeating the second verse of the charming song, "In this old Chair," which was accompanied by cornet obligato by Mr. Howard Reynolds. Madame Marie Roze, in the lively romanza "Beneath a portal," and in the concerted piece "Vrai parlar" (Falstaff), with Christine Nilsson and Miss Enriquez, did good service in this portion of the entertainments. Mr. Maybrick's sound voice was heard to advantage in the new song "Monarch Supreme," and the tender melody, "The Light of other Days," (Maid of Artois), to which Mr. Howard Reynolds also gave a cornet obligato. Madame Rose Hersee brilliantly led the Pirate's chorus, "My Task is Ended," from "The Enchantress," and the concert closed with the ever-delightful overture to "The Siege of Rochelle," so crisply and harmoniously played under the baton of Sir Michael as to prove a pure joy to ears wearied by the wild, tearing, nerve-distressing complicated combinations and grotesque extravagances of Wagnerian composers and of the arch anti-melodist himself.

After the concert, the bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards gratified the promenaders on the southern slopes by an hour's Balfé, principally consisting of marches, choruses, and concerted pieces, and at half-past six the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling, to witness the performance of the world-famed "Bohemian Girl," supported by Madame Rose Hersee (Arlene), Mr. George Perren (Thaddeus), Miss B. Palmer (Queen of the Gipsies), Mr. George Fox (Count Arnhelm), and Mr. Henry Pope (Devilshoof). We have only one word, and that is of praise, of every one of the artists who assisted in the familiar music, under the able conduct of Mr. H. Weist Hill. While the opera was in progress, the thousands who were unable to obtain admission

to the theatre were soled by listening to the overtures to "Joan of Arc," "the Maid of Artois," selections from "Maseppa," and other works of Balfé, on the Great Organ, and these were supplemented by the company's military band under Mr. Robert Wheatley, who discoursed a Fantasia "Les Puits d'Amour," and arrangements from "Matilda of Hungary," "the Siege of Rochelle," and other operas. A grand display of fireworks, in which a set piece exhibited a lyre surrounded by laurels and banners, beneath which shone in letters of fire the name of "Balfé," wound up a day full of the most pleasing entertainments, and rich in linking present and enjoyment with a host of past recollections, musical memories of the time when the gifted composer was yet among us, and pouring forth the treasures of his genius before a public who scarcely appreciated, especially in its upper classes, the sterling fitness and intrinsic value of their countryman's works.

An interesting collection of musical MSS. in the handwriting of Balfé, with many of the testimonials and acknowledgments presented to the composer during the forty years of his public life, was exhibited in the Great Hall, with other relics.

In bidding farewell to a musical festival so excellently carried out, we must congratulate the acting committee and the management of Sir Edward Lee on their success in an arduous and responsible task. To Mr. Trendell also, to whom is delegated the somewhat delicate duty of providing facilities for the members of the Press, the thanks of that body are eminently due for general and courteous attention on this and all other occasions. As to the artists who so generously promised and so faithfully carried out their self-imposed tasks, to them must be awarded the first honours in successfully founding a fitting memorial to the most melodious and dramatic of modern operatic composers.

THE STANDARD.

HERE Mr. Douglass is giving the east-enders a tragedy treat in Wilkie Collins's "Miss Gwilt," with which he has transplanted Miss Ada Cavendish in the title role, Mr. Arthur Cecil in Dr. Downwards. Messrs. Cavendish will also appear this week at Margate as Merry Meyrick, in "The New Magdalen."

MADAME TUSSAUD's may be said, so far as "country cousins" are concerned, to be one of the veritable "lions" of London.

Mrs. Jolly John Nash has returned from America, after a most successful tour.

ON dit we are to have a new London theatre. Messrs. Cramer and Co. are said to have purchased a corner site of Northumberland Avenue for its erection. It will be one of the best positions in London for a theatre.

Mr. J. S. CLARKE has sold his interest in the Charing Cross Theatre to Mr. Alexander Henderson.

THE widow of Mr. Nye Chart, the well-known manager of the THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON, has obtained a renewal of the licence from the borough magistrates.

OUR Antipodean friends do not appreciate the fun of "Our Boys;" Mr. Emmett in "Fritz" is more to their taste.

Miss Amy Fawcett took her benefit on Thursday at the VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. Albury's "Two Roses," supported by David James and Messrs. Thorne, Farren and Righion giving their services. Mr. Montagu also made his first bow since his return from America.

ANTIQUITY.

BUT I have a terrible crow to pick with this latter personage, Signor Antiquity, as a mighty stalking-horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous.

We never hear so much palaver about the time-hallowed institutions and approved wisdom of our ancestors as when attempts are made to remove some staring monument of their folly.

Sir Matthew Hale, that great luminary of law, after having condemned a poor woman to death for witchcraft, took occasion to sneer at the rash innovators who were then advocating a repeal of that statute; and falling on his knees, thanked Heaven for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments handed down to us by our venerable forefathers.

Bacon, who was so far beyond his age in all matters of science, was not less credulous than the weakest of his contemporaries, and published very minute

Directions for guarding against witches, under which imputation many scores of wretched old women were burnt in the reign of that sapient Demonologist, James I.

The worthy Druids, who sacrificed human victims to their idols, were "our illustrious ancestors;" and if required to select instances from more modern and civilized times, I would point to those of "our enlightened forefathers," who wasted their lives and fortunes in seeking the Elixir Vitæ and Philosopher's Stone—who practised torture upon suspected criminals—who believed in the efficacy of the king's touch for curing the evil, and transmitted to us many practices of barbarism and ignorance, which have become happily exploded, though not without great difficulty and opposition.

Nay, have we not ourselves, who are fated to be the sage and reverend progenitors of future centuries, seen a Spanish army fighting for the restoration of the Inquisition and despotism?

Have we not, in our own country, witnessed the existence of the Slave Trade, and heard the denunciation of its supporters against those who would "subvert the glorious institutions handed down to us?"

Have we not, moreover, living believers in Joanna Southcott, and metallic tractors, and animal magnetism, and fortune-tellers, and the efficacy of the Sinking Fund, and the danger of Popery, and innumerable other phantasms and delusions which poor Posterity will be bound to adopt as Gospel, if the seal of time is to be always acknowledged as the signet of truth?

The lawyers of all ages are generally among the blind advocates of Antiquity.

As a body, I believe them to have made incalculable advances in respectability and principle since the days of James I., who, on receiving the great seal which Bacon had been compelled to resign for his manifold corruptions, exclaimed:

"Now, by my soul, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this, for as to my lawyers, I think they be all heaves!"

But in expansion of intellect, in capacity for enlarged views, or perception of abstract truth, I apprehend them to be still far behind the age in which they live.

Certain trades invariably injure the organ of bodily sight, and the law seems to be a profession which has a strong tendency to contract and debilitate the mental pupil.

Its disciples are so accustomed to look with other people's eyes, that they lose the use of their own; because precedent is omnipotent in the courts, they think it must be infallible in the world.

They study Acts of Parliament, commentaries, cases, arguments, dicta of judges, and receive their diet with such implicit deference, that they cannot, or dare not, find their way out of the maze to look for anything so simple and elemental as truth.

Habituated to follow the bark of the leading hounds, they cannot recognise the game even if it crosses their path; or if this simile be deemed too canine, I would respectfully hint that they worship the priests and the shrine too much to have any reverence left for the goddesses.

They argue with examples, not reasons, and adduce what people thought centuries ago, not what they ought to think now.

They have deputed their faculties to Blackstone and other sages—they speak judgments, but use none—and generally go astray if left to the guidance of their original sagacity, as horses, if they miss their driver, will run their heads against a post or a wall.

What they have spent their lives to learn they would not willingly unlearn; you may prove that it is cruel, or false, or pernicious, which they will not gainsay, for these are points which they have not studied; but they silence you with one triumphant argument.

It is law—a declaration which they usually wind up with the established flourish about unshaken institutions and approved wisdom, and so forth.

I describe the influence of their studies upon the profession in general, and need not offer my testimony to the honourable and splendid exceptions which it has furnished in old times, and in none more signally than our own.

Bibliomania is an amusing illustration of this blind idolatry for whatever is ancient, though I will venture to assert that no good book, since the invention of printing, ever became scarce, and that in an immense majority of cases rarity is in exact proportion to worthlessness.

The old types, and binding, and decorations might be adored, as savages worship idols for their barbarism and ugliness; but when they ventured upon the experiment of reprinting some of these treasures of antiquity, the bubble burst at once. The Arcadian and Holoconia induced people to read what they had hitherto only thought of buying; and they then discovered upon what gross trash and woful rubbish they had wasted their precious guineas.

SIGNIFICATION OF FEMALE CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Agnus—derived from the Greek, means chaste. **Anne** and **Hannah**—Hebrew, favoured (with any excellence or mercy).

Barbara must be an exception to the rule that names have arisen from the good wishes of parents; if derived from the Latin, it is a name not very much to be coveted. In the dictionary we find its meaning, unpolished, foolish, cruel, savage; it may, however, as *Peregrine*, have been given to a stranger.

Blanch—French, fair.

Catherine—Greek, purified, pure.

Caroline and **Charlotte** appear to be the feminine of *Charles*.

Clara—Latin, almost explains itself in its English sense; it may be understood as signifying fair, noble, illustrious.

Dorothy—Greek, the gift of God.

Elizabeth—Hebrew, God hath sworn.

Ethor is a Persian name. *Ethor*, the Jewish captive, whose history is related in the Holy Scriptures, was a maid in her own country *Madassah* (*Ethor* ii. 7.) but, as was customary, lost her name with her liberty.

Helen has been derived from a Greek word, to draw, because the beauty of the famous *Helen* attracted so many admirers; and from *Hellas*, the ancient name of Greece.

June—*Junus* is by *Macrobius* used as a name of the sun; thus *Jane* or *Jana* may, as *Phoebe*, mean the moon. The different derivations of *Junus* are too uncertain and numerous to particularise.

Isabella is Spanish for a bright bay colour.

Laura—perhaps from the Latin for laurel.

Lucey—from the Latin pronoun *Luceo*, from *Luceo*, to shine, synonymous with *Clara*, or from the child being born *prima luce*, early in the morning.

Louisa is most probably the feminine of *Louis* or *Lewis*.

Lydia is a country of Asia Minor, said to be so called from *Lud*, the son of *Shem*. Its inhabitants were very effeminate, and it might be, therefore, considered an appropriate name for a female, or very probably the women of *Lydia* were remarkably beautiful. The name occurs in *Heracles*.

Margaret—Greek, a pearl. We find, in Mr. Archdeacon *Nares*'s "Glossary," that *Margarite*, or *Margaret*, was formerly used to signify a pearl in the English language (as in Latin or French); and in *Dryden*'s "Poems," 1656, p. 120, is the following epitaph on one named *Margaret*.

"In shells and gold pearls are not kept alone,

A *Margaret* here lies beneath a stone;

A *Margaret* that did excel in worth

All those rich gems the Indies both send forth."

Martha—Syriac. The mistress of a family; such was the character of *Martha*, the sister of *Lazarus*.

Mary is derived from the Hebrew, but it is of doubtful signification; it may mean either the bitterness of tears, as *Mary*, the sister of *Moses*, was so named during the bitter Egyptian captivity, or a drop of the sea, or even be synonymous with *Martina*.

Phoebe was the Greek name for the moon, the sister of *Phœbus*, the sun, supposed to mean the light of life.

Let no parents name their daughter *Priscilla*, if it be derived from the Latin, unless they mean to call her a little old woman.

Rebecca—Hebrew, fat. *Belsoni* relates in his travel: how great a beauty plumpness is still considered in the East.

Rose—the flower of Sharon.

Sarah—Hebrew, a princess. *Sarah*, the wife of *Abraham*, as for *Sarah*, till her name was changed by the express command of the Almighty. "And God said unto *Abraham*, as for *Sarah*, thy wife, thou shalt not call her name *Sarah*, but *Sarah* shall her name be." (*Gen. xvii. 15*.) *Sarah* means my princess; *Sarah*, the princess, not of one family, but of many nations, as we read in the next verse: "She shall be the mother of nations."

Sophia—Greek, Wisdom.

Susan—Hebrew, a lily. *Susiana*, an ancient province of Persia, is by some supposed to be a country abounding in lilies; the Persian name of that flower assimilated to the Hebrew.

GOING TO CHURCH IN 1800.

In the biography of the late Rev. Dr. Goodell, veteran missionary and Oriental scholar, he gives this picture of the way they went to church in Templeton, his native place, at the beginning of the century:

"The old peritential horse seemed to understand, as well as the most pious of us, that it was holy time, and he stood at the door saddled and bridled, with his head bowed reverently down, as if in solemn meditation upon the duties he was expected to perform. My father, with one of the children in his arms, rode before; my mother rode behind on a pillion, and carried one of the children in her arms, and still another child rode close behind, clinging as closely to her as she did to her husband. I recollect that on one occasion, in ascending a steep, sandy hill, the girth of the saddle gave way, and there was an avalanche of the whole load, father, mother, and three children, with the saddle and pillion, over the horse's tail, plump into a sandbank. The old rheumatic horse never seemed surprised at anything that happened, but this time he simply opened his large eyes wider than usual, and, wheeling half round, looked to see whether he could help us in any way."

HOW TO GET RID OF FLIES.

For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast-table, while all my neighbours' rooms were crowded. I then congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until two days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained for two days longer. Among other things moved were two boxes of geraniums and calceolaries, which stood in my window, the window being always open to the full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me, is a new discovery, and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure, and which now proves also to be a source of comfort, viz., window-gardening.

G. M. D.

A MOST PLEASING exhibition has been held at the Duke of Westminster's—a Children's Flower Show. After the flowers had been inspected and the prizes awarded, Lord Shaftesbury said he was asked to do what he had never done in his life before—to lead Mr. Gladstone. He was going to propose a vote of thanks to the Duke and Duchess and had wished Mr. Gladstone to do so; but Mr. Gladstone desired him to lead and he would follow. Mr. Gladstone praised up the English love of flowers, in which he said we excelled all nations. The noble Duke is doing great public services, and is carving out for himself a name amongst the distinguished philanthropists of the day.

A GENTLEMAN from Plymouth has started a new trade on Dartmoor, having stored there during the winter months, in the Sowton ice-works, immense quantities of ice, which now melts with a ready sale in Exeter and other towns. This ice is produced naturally, 1,350 feet above the sea level.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER IV.

THE carriage containing *Wolsey* and *Elliot* came out upon the Esplanade and pursued its course very leisurely towards Garden Reach. The golden hours were gleaming through the fragrant shadows when they halted, at last, before the massive, small, green gabled door of *Bunyan Villa*.

The coachman alighted and pulled the garden bell. The door swung open upon the instant, and a tall Hindoo, clad in white, stood in the opening. The coachman conferred with him for a moment, and then returned to the carriage door.

"The master is just come home," he said. "He pleased to descend."

The young Englishmen descended, and were admitted into the cool, dusky, and fragrant garden, in which lighted lamps gleamed softly.

The Hindoo servant led them up the bowery walk to the great veranda supported by lofty columns, and into a wide marble hall. Here the young men paused, producing their cards. Wolsey Bathurst stared about him in a genuine bewilderment and amazement. He fancied that the coachman must have made some mistake, or that the Thomas Bathurst residing at Banyan Villa was not the Thomas Bathurst of whom he was in quest.

"There may be a dozen of that name," he thought. "I have come to some rich man's house, while my father is back in the town in humble quarters. It's too late to back out now. I'll have to wait and make my apologies."

The servant withdrew with the cards upon a salver, passing down the long hall, and disappearing through a doorway at its farther extremity.

"A regular adventure," muttered Wolsey Bathurst. "We're in the wrong place, Elliot, but if the owner is half way polite he'll excuse us."

The servant returned as noiselessly as he had departed, and stated that his master was at dinner, but would soon see his visitors. He requested them to enter an adjoining apartment, of which he flung open the door as he spoke.

The visitors hesitated with some thought of beating a retreat, so convinced were they both that they had made a mistake in the identity of the owner of the house.

Elliot would have frankly stated the case to the Hindoo, but Wolsey Bathurst passed on into the chamber designated, and nothing remained for him but to follow.

The room in which they found themselves was circular in shape, with marble statues set in niches, with marble floor and walls panelled in some finely-veined native wood, and but scantily supplied with bamboo furniture. The windows opened on the veranda, and were covered with gilt wire screens to exclude insects. A softly-shaded lamp emitted a pale, moon-like lustre.

Bathurst sat down in a bamboo arm-chair, while Elliot took possession of a divan near the door. The minutes passed. Both were growing impatient, when they heard the sound of a heavy tread in the hall, and a minute afterwards the door opened, and the master of the house appeared.

At the very first glance, both the visitors recognised him as the horseman they had seen on the Strand, the "swell" whom Bathurst had sneeringly declared to be, without doubt, the Viceroy.

If he had looked important on horseback, he had now, in evening dress, in his own house, the air of a monarch.

His yellow face appeared yellower and puffier than before, his small serpent eyes glittered, and the cruel expression of his visage, which Elliot had remarked, was more apparent on closer view.

The owner of Banyan Villa looked from one to the other of his guests in a keen, bright, restless scrutiny.

The olive skin, the clustering black curls, the deep blue eyes, and grave and noble features of Elliot were scanned singly and altogether with a quick gleam in Mr. Bathurst's eyes, and then his low forehead knitted frowningly as his gaze settled upon the florid and sinister face of Wolsey Bathurst.

"You wished to see me?" he questioned, half-impudently.

The young men had risen. Bathurst bowed as he said:

"We wished to see Mr. Thomas Bathurst."

"That is my name, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Thomas Bathurst, of No. 76, Blank Street?" said Wolsey, expecting, of course, a quick dissent.

To his astonishment, his host bowed in the affirmative.

"I am the person you seek," he acknowledged, with an odd and mocking smile. "I received your cards. Which of you is Wolsey Bathurst?"

"I am," answered the owner of that name, modestly. "If you are the Thomas Bathurst whom I seek—though I am persuaded there is a mistake somewhere—then you are my father."

The elder Bathurst surveyed the younger with greater keenness and evident annoyance.

He could not fail to trace a likeness to himself in that florid countenance.

"Indeed!" he said, harshly. "How am I to know that you are he whom you claim to be? I have a son named Wolsey, but he should be in England at this time."

Wolsey drew a thin packet of letters from his pocket, and handed it to his host.

"There are the few letters I ever received from my father," he exclaimed. "Did you write them?"

Bathurst looked them over.

"I acknowledge them as mine," he declared. "I suppose they, with that face of yours, are proof sufficient. And so you are my son?"

He held out his hand, and Wolsey grasped it.

There was no kindly warmth in the father's face, no sign of pleasure at the sight of his son, only that of too evident annoyance.

"Permit me to ask," he said, coldly, "what brings you to India? Certainly I did not send for you!"

"No, you did not," replied his son, glancing about the luxurious room and at the diamonds on his father's breast. "I came to India upon business and have called upon you merely for some advice and information in regard to my mission!"

"And your companion?"

"Is Armand Elliot, my cousin, heir to the Earl of Tregaron," said Wolsey, bitterly, "and he bears, by courtesy, the second title of the earl, and is styled Viscount Wareham."

Bathurst started.

"How is that?" he asked. "Lord Tregaron is a very distant member of the Elliot family. He belongs to the main branch, while the Elliots and Bathursts spring from the cadet branch."

"You have not heard the news then?" exclaimed Wolsey.

"Yet it should have arrived by the steamer. The elder branch of the Elliot family is extinct. Viscount Wareham died of heart-disease in December, only two months since, and the earl was so shocked by his death that he was seized with apoplexy, and died the next day."

"And the new earl?"

There was a very disagreeable smile on Wolsey Bathurst's face as he responded:

"Is no other than your old rival in love, sir, the man who won your lady-love from you—Colonel Nugent Elliot!"

Bathurst sprang backward as if shot, and both his visitors noticed that his yellow face became yellower still.

"He Lord Tregaron?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, he is the new earl, with a princely income, master of Belle Isle, peer of the realm!" declared the younger Bathurst, delighting in extolling the grandeur of his father's rival.

A quick malignant gleam passed over the livid visage of Bathurst. Had his guests been able to read its meaning, they would have recoiled from him. Bitterness, hatred, and vindictiveness against Nugent Elliot swelled his soul almost to bursting.

"And you," he said, harshly, turning to our hero, "are styled Viscount Wareham? You are Lord Tregaron's heir?"

"I am his next of kin," replied Elliot, with grave and gentle dignity, "and it was the earl's wish that I should be called by his second title. However I may be hereafter known in England, I am only Armand Elliot, and prefer to be called by my name."

"The earl may marry again and have an heir, who will disappoint your expectations, Mr. Elliot," said Bathurst, with an ugly sneer. "You do well to move cautiously. If you don't climb too high you won't have so far to come down."

"The earl will never marry again," declared Wolsey Bathurst. "The death of his wife nearly killed him. He has never recovered from that blow!"

Bathurst turned the subject abruptly.

"Why are you in India?" he asked. "You came on business? Was that business to spy on me, to try to get money from me? If so, let me tell you at the beginning that I have no money for you. I can't have you in my house. I've no place for you in my business. If you have come here to prey on me, you'd better go back to England by the next steamer. I am only an agent for other people. I can do nothing for you, and I cannot have your presence in Calcutta."

"Don't be alarmed on that score," said the son, dryly. "Elliot and I are upon a joint business, and that business is totally unconnected with you!"

Bathurst looked relieved.

"What is your business?" he demanded, "and what do you want of me?"

CHAPTER V.

WOLSEY BATHURST did not immediately reply to his father's questioning. He saw that the merchant was anxious and uneasy, and the young man was smarting too keenly under his unpleasant reception to be willing to relieve his father's anxiety and satisfy his curiosity very readily.

The father sat down a little in the shadow. Elliot kept all t, watching the scene.

The merchant repeated his questions with growing impatience.

He could not rid himself of the idea that his son had come to India to spy upon him, and to endeavour to make money out of him.

"Before we plunge into business," said Wolsey deliberately, fixing the glance of his pale eyes on the yellow face of his parent, "let us get a little better acquainted, sir. You are my father—the father I have never seen since my earliest boyhood—and you

are as great a stranger to me as the Shah of Persia. You know all about me—that I was brought up by my grandmother Wolsey, that I was educated after the usual English pattern, and that I have finished my university course and am ready to enter upon life."

"With expensive tastes, no doubt, and a desire for a handsome income and a life of indolence," said Mr. Bathurst. "Mrs. Wolsey educated you, let her provide for you!"

"My grandmother, years ago, sunk all her small property in the purchase of an annuity which will die with her," responded Wolsey. "She gave me my education; it was all she had to give me. My mother's fortune, being unhappily not settled upon her, you squandered—if it is not invested in this house!" he added suspiciously.

"I thought you said that you had not come here to prey on me!"

"And I have not. As I say, you know all about me; tell me some thing of yourself—at least as much as I can learn by inquiring in the city."

"I am not rich," said Bathurst, with the glibness and evasive look of one who is lying. "My money is in this house, and there are mortgages upon it. I do a heavy business for other people, although mine is the only name known in the firm."

The son did not believe one word of this declaration. Full of deceit himself, he naturally suspected his parent of deceit. He began to suspect a mystery in his father's life, and that his father was desirous to hasten his departure from the country.

"Are you married?" he asked, abruptly.

"No. I have never married since I lost your mother."

"Yet you did not love her?"

"No. I have not kept single for her sake," replied Bathurst, briefly.

"For the sake of Agnes Elliot, perhaps?" suggested the son, maliciously.

The yellow face flushed red, then turned livid.

"Do not speak that name to me in that tone!" he said, harshly. "You know all about me now, that I live a bachelor's life here at Banyan Villa, that I see some society, have my friends and my business, and do not care to see any former friend or relative from England. I shall live and die out here!"

"I may as well come to business," exclaimed Wolsey, after a brief deliberation. "Mr. Elliot and I are here for one purpose. We were sent here upon a secret and important mission by Lord Tregaron."

The merchant again started. A look of alarm, of quick and wild suspicion, glared in his eyes. Neither of the visitors marked his agitation, nor the hunted look that succeeded his alarm. He commanded himself by a stern effort, and appeared as if at bay with pursuers.

"That mission—what is it?" he asked, hoarsely.

"It refers to the time when Lord Tregaron was Captain Elliot, and stationed in India—to the time of the Sepoy rebellion thirteen years ago."

"Yes—yes," said the merchant, in a husky whisper, the yellow of his face having turned to a greenish hue. "What then?"

"His wife died in a bungalow in the hills—"

"His wife! The secret mission refers to her?"

whispered the merchant, his face ghastly.

Wolsey fixed a surprised glance upon his father.

"You must indeed have loved that woman, since you cannot yet hear her name without emotion," he observed. "You were with Captain Elliot when his wife died. You returned with him to Shahjehan-poor, and from station to station, and finally made your way back to Calcutta. So you know how Mrs. Elliot died and was buried by her old nurse; you know how little Katherine Elliot was stolen from her father's tent at night on the march to the station by a revengeful, thievish Sepoy whom the captain had justly punished."

"I know all that!"

"You know, too, how Captain Elliot made another and more thorough search for his child, and failed to find any trace of her or of the Sepoy Topee? You know how he was taken ill and for months lay at the point of death—how he was invalided and sent home to England. All these years he has believed his child to be dead, and has mourned for her as one whom he should never see again on earth. But lately, his solicitor, hearing his story, suggested the possibility of the child's continued existence. The suggestion fired the earl's soul with new hopes, and inspired him to renew his search for her. We are come to India to seek for Katherine Elliot!"

The merchant drew a long breath of relief, and the hunted look left his face.

"You come upon a vain errand," he said, quietly.

"There can be no doubt that the Sepoy killed her."

"If he desired to kill, why did he not thrust his dagger through her heart on the night he stole her, and leave her body in the bed to meet her father's gaze in the morning?" demanded Elliot. "It is evident that he could have done so in safety, and have made his escape thereafter. I think he meant



[AN UNPLEASANT RECEPTION.]

to wreak a deeper vengeance, to preserve her for some fate we dare not guess."

"If that theory be true," said the merchant, "if indeed she lives, then are you worse than foolish to seek for her. Doubtless she is dead. But whether she is alive or dead, I advise you two to turn back by the next steamer and hasten to Earl Tregaron and tell him that his daughter is dead!"

"I cannot do that! I am pledged to find her!" cried Elliot.

"I will not do it! Fortune and position hang on my success in this thing. I'll scour all India but that I'll find her if she is living!" exclaimed young Bathurst.

"And have you two young madmen thought what the girl must be if she lives?" asked the merchant. "That Topee was as revengeful as a devil. If he spared her life it was to make of her a creature such as Nugent Elliot would turn from with loathing. She is to-day a woman grown, twenty years of age. She is, perhaps, a female Thug, a decoy to unwary travellers, a scheming, false, murdering woman, a dealer in poisons, a betrayer of innocent people into snares set for them, a professional murderess!"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Elliot. "She was seven years old when she was stolen. She would know better."

"The iron hand of oppression could mould a weak child of seven to any shape."

"Even if she be a female Thug," said Wolsey Bathurst, "I shall get the same price for her rescue. Thug or not, her father will be glad to recover her!"

"A murderess may be an angel compared to what she really is," remarked the merchant. "Girls marry young in India. She may be the wife of some Hindoo pariah, the mother of half a dozen children. She may be ignorant, squalid, depraved, an idiot even!"

"Whatever she is, we will find her, if she lives and human effort can avail," said Elliot, firmly. "Whatever her enemy may have made her her soul remains pure and good. She may have become degraded through oppression, but she is not too low for her father's love to reach, and under his tender care she will become more what nature intended her to be."

"And if she have a dusky brood of children, my Lord Tregaron will welcome them also, I suppose?"

"You seem to want us to give up our search before we begin it," said Wolsey, suspiciously.

"Not at all. I have no further suggestions to offer. It seemed to me that it would be well to let sleeping dogs lie, but you must do as you please. If you are bound to carry out this Quixotic search, I

will give you any assistance in my power, but I warn you that you will probably have your trouble for your pains. Have you formed any plan of procedure?"

"We purpose first of all to set the police on the track of Topee," said Elliot. "We mean to find the remnant of the Sepoy regiment to which he belonged, and learn if any of his old comrades know his early history, where he lived, and if he had a family. We hope to trace him, or if he be dead to find his family. Miss Elliot may be with them in some remote mountain region!"

"Your plan is good," commented the merchant.

"I will provide you with charts and maps, although there are many provinces belonging to native rulers to which I can afford you no map nor information whatever. I will provide for you some good guides, trustworthy Hindoo servants, and assist you to get off upon your expedition within two days, if you insist upon going. But I must warn you of the perils that lie in your way, perils by road and jungle, of wild beasts, and Thugs, and treacherous Hindoos. You may never return to Calcutta. You may perish by some horrible death—"

"Say no more!" exclaimed his son. "Our minds are made up. We shall prosecute the search."

"You will go together?"

"Certainly," said Wolsey. "Elliot desires no reward: I do. We are meant to work together. There is strength in union."

"And we desire to be on our way as soon as possible," said Elliot. "We shall be grateful for your advice and assistance, Mr. Bathurst, and will be out of Calcutta in two days, if you can arrange it."

"The matter is settled. And now I invite you to remain with me until you leave town."

The young men declined the invitation. They desired to be in town, to make purchases, to visit certain people, and a stay at Garden Reach would not be convenient for them.

"At least, you will dine with me to-morrow?" said the merchant.

This invitation was accepted.

"Leave the matter entirely in my hands," continued the host, his spirits rising. "I will arrange everything. And now let me offer you some slight refreshment."

He touched a bell. A tall, lithe Hindoo, like a bronze ghost in his white garments, appeared as by magic. The merchant spoke to him in Hindostanee, and he departed as silently as a shadow.

Presently he returned, announcing that supper waited.

The merchant invited his guests to accompany him, and led the way to a cool saloon, where marble and soft frescoes, and bamboo furniture made up a delightful picture for the eyes, and delicious viands and wines tempted the appetite.

"I took the liberty to discharge your coachman a long time since," said Mr. Bathurst, when he had conducted his guests back to the reception-room. "My own carriage is ordered to take you back to your hotel, since you insist upon going."

The visitors did not prolong their stay. The carriage was announced, the merchant declared his intention of calling upon the young men at a very early hour of the morning, and begged them not to leave their hotel until his arrival.

They then took their departure, setting out upon their return to their lodgings.

The thoughts of the three men were singularly significant as they thus separated for the night.

It seemed to Elliot that he stood upon the threshold of a great discovery, that his mission was to be crowned with success—that he should find the lost heiress of Tregaron.

"I feel somehow to-night a strange conviction that she lives," he thought. "It may be because I breathe the air of her former home, and seem to have come nearer to her. It may be because of what Mr. Bathurst said—although that seemed so far from encouraging—but, whatever the reason, I am sure that she lives and that I shall find her. Degraded, lost to everything good, whatever she is—I shall find her!"

Wolsey Bathurst's thoughts dwelt more upon the father with whom he had become acquainted.

"He's rich and he has got a secret. I'll discover the last and share his wealth, wilt nill. He'll find that I'm a chip of the old block. I'll know all about him before I am much older. What is his secret? I'll search for the girl, find her, and then probe into his mystery."

While the merchant frowned darkly as he returned to his rooms and muttered:

"What the mischief brought them here at this time when I have so nearly won my prize and achieved my great success? I'll get rid of them promptly—set them upon their wild-goose chase into the northern provinces, where I hope they'll both be killed. I've had a magnificent revenge upon you, my dear cousin Nugent Elliot. Earl of Tregaron! Ah, if you knew my secrets! If you knew the mystery of my life, you would go mad this night, my lord! But that mystery no living soul can ever fathom!"

(To be Continued.)



[THE RESCUE.]

REUBEN; OR, ONLY A GIPSY.

CHAPTER XL.

EVIDENTLY a man of few words, the digger replied with calm composure to Lord Craven's questions, and was ready to join and carry on the conversation upon any topic which Lord Craven liked to start.

He himself started none, and though Lord Craven was most curious to elicit something of his benefactor's antecedents, he could learn nothing save the details of the Australian life he had been leading.

They chatted together for an hour, Arthur employed meanwhile in repairing the stock of his rifle, and Lord Craven in mending his coat, with needle and thread, which Arthur had produced from some mysterious pocket.

Then Lord Craven, who was eager that they should reach the shelter of the tent, declared that he was perfectly able to make the ascent, and Arthur, after a few moments' thought, packed up the few articles in his wallet, threw some logs upon the fire in case they were compelled to return, and led the way.

With a confidence which again denoted the peculiar instinct Lord Craven had noticed, he made for a narrow defile, and fastening the rope round his waist, commanded, rather than told, Lord Craven to keep hold of the other.

"I may pull you down," said Lord Craven.
"I think not," retorted Arthur. "I'll take my chance of that. You are weak as yet, and may slip."

Lord Craven did as he was bidden, and the two made a slow but tolerably safe ascent.

"Welcome!" said Arthur, waving his hand towards the little tent.

Lord Craven sank down upon the ground with a smile of relief.

"It seems like home," he said.

Then suddenly he looked up.

"By what name am I to call my host?"

"My name is Arthur," was the reply.

And mine is Walter—Walter Wildair!" said Lord Craven, with a slight tinge of colour.

Arthur inclined his head, perhaps to hide a grave smile which crossed his lips.

"Walter Wildair; your most grateful debtor," said Lord Craven. "And as we have met so strangely and fortunately, for me, I propose that we join company, and fight the battle against misfortune hand-in-hand. What do you say?"

"I am agreeable," said Arthur; "but I am not a free man," he added, and explained the agreement which existed between him and the gang.

"All right," said Walter, as we must call him. "I am perfectly willing to divide the find in any way you choose; in fact your gang may have my share as well if you like, for I don't care very much about it."

"Perhaps you have plenty," said Arthur.

"I haven't a single ounce of gold in all Australia," replied Lord Craven, with a laugh.

Then as Arthur made no reply, although it was on the tip of his tongue to say: "No, but several pounds in England, my lord," they changed the subject and set about planning out their route.

They decided to follow the course which Arthur had set down for himself, and accordingly after a hearty meal, which Lord Craven enjoyed with a zest the old elaborate dinners at the clubs had never produced, they packed their light tent upon their backs, crowded their wallets, and set off.

Nobleman as he was Walter Wildair could use a pick and a cradle—as the diggers call the oblong bucket in which they wash the sand for gold—and Arthur found that though he could do more work and get through it rather faster, Walter was never very far behind him.

Working steadily across the chain of hills they prospected and tried the ground, sometimes with no success and sometimes with little.

One morning Walter had gone out with a pick on his shoulder to try the bed of a stream near to which they had pitched their tent.

Arthur had remained "at home" to cook the breakfast, he being an adept at the cuisine.

Very absently, for his heart was never very deeply in the pursuit of the glittering ore, Lord Craven fixed upon a likely spot and commenced with his pick.

After a few strokes, his absent manner changed to one of interest, and suddenly he stooped down and picked up an enormous nugget.

It was one of the largest he had seen, and without waiting to go deeper he gave the call peculiar to the diggers, and Arthur was almost immediately by his side.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, glancing at the nugget in Lord Craven's hand. "You have fortunately hit upon

a 'pocket;' give me the pick, and hold the cradle."

With a few vigorous blows he laid open the earth within a yard circle of the first hole, and with a smile of triumph pointed to a dull glittering mass of ore lying apart the distance of a man's hand.

Indifferent to gold as they both were it was impossible to be wholly callous to such sudden and immense wealth and it was with something like a schoolboy's about that Lord Craven jumped into the hole and pitched the nuggets on to the surface.

"There, my boy!" he exclaimed. "There are a couple of fortunes for us, at least, with what we have in the canvas bag."

"And there is more of it," said Arthur, looking round him with smiling eyes. "That stream is full of dust—see here," and taking up a cradle full he gave it a peculiar turn, and poured out a small quantity of glittering dust.

"It is the modern El Dorado," exclaimed Lord Craven, gazing round him. "We seem the first to have set foot here. It is rich in beauty as well as gold."

"Yes," said Arthur, "and it has made us wealthy men."

Lord Craven nodded.

"Yes," he said, with a thoughtful smile. "We can go back to England now and enjoy ourselves. Set up carriages and horses, buy an estate, go in for racing, and marry the girls of our heart. Eh, Arthur?"

Arthur's face grew grave for a moment, then suddenly lit up with a strange ecstatic kind of light, as if an old hope had suddenly sprung up in his heart.

"Money is power," he said, in a low quick voice.

"Money can do everything, they say."

"I never found it so," said Lord Craven, absently and sadly, and then added, seeing his blunder, "I mean I don't think it would if I had had it. But seriously, my dear boy, we can retire from business after a few good days in this little stream, and set up as gentlemen in old England! What do you say?"

"Money cannot make a man a gentleman," said Arthur, grimly. "I do not like England. You say money is all powerful then?"

"Money is everything—it buys everything, from penny tarts to women's hearts, so they say, and it is true, then we ought to be people of consideration. Hurrah for England! We'll go to the old country, Arthur!"

Arthur shook his head. "Let us get our money out of the bank first," he said, striking the ground with his pick.

"Right. Begin at once!" exclaimed Lord Craven. "I've no appetite for breakfast."

"But I have," said Arthur, whose contempt for the article in the search of which he daily risked his limbs and life was most thorough. "So come along and try my roasted larks."

"After breakfast be it then," said Lord Craven, and whistling merrily, he followed.

It was a pleasant meal, and Walter Wildair, as he called himself, was full of agreeable chatter, planning out all sorts of future for themselves, and declaring that they should never separate.

"We know each other too well to be such idiots as that," he said, picking a lark's leg with dainty discretion. "We'll buy estates adjoining each other, Arty, and dine every other day at each other's house; in fact, will be like brothers you read of in the story books, only, by Jove! we mustn't fall in love with the same girl, as they always do!"

Arthur dropped his knife and stared at him, startled from his own thoughts.

"No," he said, with a curious smile, "that wouldn't do."

"I'm afraid if we did I should have to give her up, you are such an ill-tempered fellow." And he clapped Arthur on the back playfully.

"You would?" said Arthur, scanning his face. "That is more than I would do. I'd give up the girl I loved to no man, not even to you. Take all else, but leave her to me—if she loved me, that is," he added, with a sigh.

"Do you know," said Lord Craven, looking at him with his tin coffee-cup suspended half-way betwixt his mouth and his knee, "I've often thought that a woman turned you into a gold digger."

"And I have often feared so myself," retorted Arthur. "There are a great many idiots in the world, Walter."

"And we are two, to sit here talking while the gold lies at our feet. Come along, man." And, with a boyish laugh, he tossed his cup aside and snatched up pick, spade, and cradle.

Arthur followed his example more leisurely, and soon they were hard at work in firm silence, interrupted only at intervals by requests that one or the other should come and see a particular good find.

They snatched a meal in the middle of the day, and worked up till dark without another.

Then at night, by the light of their lantern, they examined their treasure. It was an immense one, and whether or no they could not help a certain gravity falling upon them as they realised the wealth of which they had suddenly become possessed.

They were too tired to talk, but burying their gold under their pillows fell fast asleep.

For two more days they worked in the ravine, and then, loaded with gold, they determined to give the search and make tracks for civilisation.

Accordingly, on the morning of the fourth day they rose early, stowed their treasure away in belts and pockets sewn round their waists, and started on their journey once more.

Scarcely had they got a mile from their El Dorado than Arthur stopped, and kneeling down, examined something in the grass.

"What is it?" asked Lord Craven.

"We are nearer to human beings than we thought," said Arthur. "These are sheep tracks."

"Hurrah! I'm not sorry at the prospect of seeing a new face or two!" said Lord Craven. Let us hurry on."

"Not so fast!" said Arthur. "You can't be sure of your reception. The fossickers have troubled the settlers since diggers grow scarce, and we have too much the appearance of fossickers to be certain of a welcome. Let us go cautiously."

Following the sheep track, they made their way through a bush which stretched down towards the valley, Arthur leading and keeping his eyes and ears open.

Suddenly he held up his hand, and dropped on his knees.

Lord Craven followed his example, and crawled to Arthur's side.

Arthur pointed downwards, and Lord Craven saw with astonishment a small, rude farm-house, surrounded by some cultivated fields, and sheep and cattle folds.

"As I expected!" said Arthur. "A settler has pitched upon this spot for a homestead. Ah!" he broke off suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Lord Craven. "The place is deserted, is it not?"

Arthur shook his head. "Listen," he said.

As he spoke the tramping of horses' feet could be heard near them, and then in quick succession a woman's shrieks.

Lord Craven clenched his gun, and only Arthur's strong arm kept him motionless.

"We have come just in time, or rather too late,"

he said. "The fossickers have been here—are here still. Look!"

As he spoke, four men, mounted on the half-broken Australian horses, rode out of the bush, and galloping into the sheep folds, proceeded to drive the cattle towards the bush.

"Exactly," muttered Arthur, grimly.

"No one interferes!" exclaimed Lord Craven.

Arthur shook his head.

"For a good reason," he said. "They have killed or captured the whole family."

"How many are there, do you think?" rejoined Lord Craven, anxiously.

"A dozen perhaps—perhaps more. Too many for us to fight single-handed."

Lord Craven felt a thrill run through the hand laid upon his arm, and his own heart leapt out in harmony.

The woman's voice was heard.

"Great Heaven! they are not torturing her?" he said, the perspiration dripping down his brow.

Arthur shook his head sternly.

"As likely as not. They are worse than savages! We'll have a go at them—but cunning, we must have cunning on our side. Stay there and cover me with your rifle as I crawl towards them. If you see me attacked, or one of them coming down on me, pick him off, and glide like a snake from where you fired."

"Let me go," said Craven, but Arthur, with a shake of the head and a smile, had crawled off, his rifle trailing by his side.

Lord Craven kept his own pointed just over the scout's head, ready to pick off any approaching foe.

After a few minutes, which seemed hours, Lord Craven saw a hand rise from the thick scrub which hid Arthur's figure.

The hand beckoned slowly, and Lord Craven crawled towards it.

Arrived by Arthur's side his breath came quick and fast.

With cool audacity Arthur had crawled almost into the midst of the ruffians.

There were four of them in a little clear space of the bush, seated or standing round a saddle, upon which some wearing apparel and other goods from the plundered house had been thrown for division.

But Lord Craven's eyes flew to another object.

That of a beautiful girl who lay on the ground, as she had been thrown by the ruffian who had captured her, and who was haggling with his companions over the saddle.

As she lay with her face turned towards the sky, Lord Craven could see every feature.

It was a beautiful face, evidently an Australian, dark and lustrous with health and youth.

A mass of black hair fell half across it, and one brown hand, small and shapely, had clenched as a coil of it, as if in despair.

So still was the face and the whole figure that Lord Craven, with a pang, turned his head away and motioned with his lips to Arthur:

"Dead?"

Arthur shook his head, and then, with a quick gesture, motioned to some horses which had been lightly pegged in the clearing.

Lord Craven nodded, and, putting his lips close to Arthur's ear, whispered:

"What is to be done? I am ready for anything—the whole four, if you like!"

Arthur smiled and shook his head.

"The others are too near," he whispered. "We might, by a miracle, snatch the girl."

"Hah!" exclaimed Lord Craven, eagerly, his heart beating.

"If we had a horse," said Arthur, thoughtfully.

Then, after a pause, he slipped his bowie knife from his pocket and crawled towards one of the horses.

"Cover me," he said; and Lord Craven raised his rifle and took aim as before.

With scarcely a rustle, Arthur crawled through the bush, and reaching for one of the tethers, cut it with his knife, then, holding a piece of bread under the horse's nose, he glided backwards.

With a look of curiosity and pleasure, the animal followed him, sniffing and stretching out his neck.

Two of his companions struggled to follow, and one of the men turned with an oath.

Lord Craven's heart seemed about to leap from his bosom.

If the man went to see what was the matter, Arthur must be discovered and the game would be lost.

But the man was too deeply engaged in getting a share of the clothes—a rare commodity in the colonies—before the bulk of the gang returned, and, contenting himself with pitching his whip at the horses, returned to his haggling, stopping aside, however, to bestow a half kick and half push with his foot upon the lifeless girl.

"Dead as a herring, mates, this yere gal!" he

said, with a brutal oath, and Lord Craven's breath came hot and fast.

He would have given the rest of his life to stand front to front with the ruffian.

Arthur saw it too, and his teeth clenched.

Very slowly Arthur coaxed the horse to the spot where they had been hidden, then passing the bridle into Lord Craven's hands, he whispered:

"I'll creep in and get her. Bring the horse as near as possible—sit far back, and throw her across the front, but keep her head up. You can do that on your arm. Strike out across the country, away from the farm, and ride like death on the white horse!"

Lord Craven shook his head with a smile.

"And leave you here?" he said. "Is it likely?"

"Nonsense!" said Arthur, firmly. "I mean to make a dash for another horse—we shall meet in three hours' time. There must be another farm within a dozen miles, and they dare not follow us so far. Besides, friends, a woman!"

Lord Craven glanced from the girl to his friend, wistfully.

"I don't like it," he said, sadly. "Are you sure that there is another farm near?"

"As sure as one can be!" said Arthur. "Don't let us lose any more time, or the girl will be lost! Look! that is the last bundle they are swearing over!" and he nodded significantly to the group in the centre.

"Here goes then," said Lord Craven. "I ride due south—and you follow?"

"I follow," said Arthur.

Lord Craven placed his hand upon Arthur's and pressed it, then gently led the horse as close behind the motionless form of the girl as he could get it.

Arthur after waiting a moment to cock his revolver and clear his bowie knife, slid behind a tree, and dropping just behind the girl, slipped his long, strong arm under her waist, and with noiseless ease raised her as high as his breast.

The next moment he had risen to full height.

"Quick—in the name of Heaven!" he hissed, and Lord Craven sprang into the saddle.

Instantly Arthur had placed the limp body across the horse's withers, and away dashed Lord Craven.

The next moment, with a yell, the fossickers were upon him.

Arthur dodged behind a tree and pointed a revolver, then as he fired, and the foremost man sprang up dead, he shouted:

"Fire, mates! Don't leave one of the wretches alive!"

The three men hearing this, at once concluded that they were surrounded by some of the settler's friends, and paused in their rush.

Paused and dashed towards the horses.

With yells and oaths they cleared three, and sprang upon their backs, and Arthur, smiling grimly at the success of his stratagem, leapt upon another and dashed away.

The three men scattered like sheep, and were lost in the bush, but Arthur, just to keep the pretence up, levelled a bullet after the last of them, and missed him by a couple of inches.

In the excitement of the rush, he had scarcely noticed in which direction he had started, and now there was no time to hesitate or consider, for pistol-shots could be heard near the farm, and the tramp of horses' feet told him that his run had been discovered, and that some of the fossickers were in pursuit.

With a strange delight in the sensation of the gallop—the first for a long, long time—he ran his horse—a powerful, wiry Australian—through the thinnest of the bush, and made for the south.

After riding for an hour, and losing all sounds of pursuit, he began to grow anxious as to his locality.

There was no food or water—no anything, save his gold, which was even worse than useless, as it encumbered and weighted him—and no signs of Lord Craven.

Very gravely Arthur pulled up, and dismounting, tried to make out the position of the bush by the sun, and pondered as to the best direction.

While thus occupied he heard the tramp of a horse, and his heart rose.

"We shall meet again," he thought, and an indescribable sadness which had settled upon him at the moment of Lord Craven's departure rose and took flight.

Leaping upon his horse, he rode at a gentle trot towards the sound, which every moment grew clearer.

Humming a digger song, and with a wild pleasure in his heart at the thought of the joy which he knew he should see reflected in Lord Craven's face, he hurried his horse on, and pulling up at an opening, waited.

The horseman he had been meeting came on at a fast canter, and gained the opening, then seeing Arthur, pulled up with an oath.

Another rang deep on Arthur's lips, for instead of Lord Craven, the horseman was a foot-soldier. The ruffian whipped out a revolver and raised it, and as he did so, Arthur saw that it was the wretch who had kicked the girl as he passed.

With a low cry of joy, he levelled his revolver, and quick as lightning, took aim.

The foot-soldier fired, and the bullet whizzed through Arthur's cap.

The next instant Arthur had covered the ruffian's heart.

"You shall never kick another woman in this world!" he said, and fired.

With a yell the man bounded forward, and fell with a crash to the earth.

The bullet had passed through his heart.

Arthur looked down upon the dead man with grim satisfaction, then round the bush with a sigh.

He was alone—without food—without a friend.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE amiability which had always characterised Sir Edward Seymour had now merged into a pliability which amounted to positive weakness.

As a drop of water will in time wear away a stone, the influence of the Verners gradually but surely obtained the mastery over a nature always prone to yield to the wishes and desires of friends and reluctant to combat the plots of foes.

With grief, which was none the less intense because it was hidden, Olive saw that Dingley and all pertaining to it was gradually merging into the strange.

Scarcely a day passed without seeing John Verner at the Hall, and never a day passed without the appearance of his close confidant, old Griley.

This old man came in for a free share of Olive's dislike.

There was something so repulsive, so sinister, and so darkly significant of evil in the old, wrinkled face, that her eyes never rested on it without a shudder resulting.

Whether old Griley was aware of the dislike which he inspired we cannot say, but it was noticeable that he avoided the heiress of Dingley as much as possible, and that when he did cross her path, rather than his, for he was always prowling about the estate—"poking his nose" as the servants said, "into everything"—the old man always greeted her with a profound appearance of respect, invariably removing his hat and cringing into a fawning bow, which was fearfully suggestive of the soft politeness of the tiger, who smooths the fleece before devouring the lamb.

Nothing was done at Dingley now until the Verners had passed their approval, and even in the minor details concerning the management of the house John Verner's or old Griley's interference crept up.

For one thing, the number of servants in the household had decreased by ten at a suggestion of John Verner's, prompted by his arch minister, who was adding to his other vices that of the miser, and who would have gladly seen the Hall shut up and the unfortunate baronet and his daughter confined to the lodge.

"Only two people," he snarled one night, as he and John Verner were walking through the wood. "What do they want a large house like that for? Ten or twenty rooms to each. The old man must go out of his senses. Why, the place would let for three thousand a year, and if that was put by until the old man died it would be a nice little lump for Master Morgan."

"Master Morgan?" echoed John Verner, with a frown. "I fear he will prove but ungrateful for all I have done for him, Griley. He does not make even the pretence of attention to my simplest wishes. It is now three weeks since he has set foot in the Grange or the Hall."

"Hah! hah!" chuckled old Griley. "Perhaps it's better as it is. I am sure Master Morgan's young and energetic son has got sense. 'What you can't do good keep from doing harm,' says the proverb, and it strikes me. Squire down there can't do much good with the grandiose estate."

"What do you mean?" asked John Verner, with sudden alarm. "You do not mean to say that you have any doubts on the score of the marriage?"

"No, no," grinned the old rascal. "She'll have him fast enough. She'll stick to her word—aye, and she'll marry me to save Dingley. It's not that I fear—but you see she's a proud woman, and Master Morgan don't know the way to get round her yet. He must have his fling, ye see, squire, and while he's sowing his wild oats ye can't expect him to settle down, so I say let him keep away a bit."

"But what's he doing?" resumed John Verner, angrily. "Spending the money which he has taken all these months to plot and manoeuvre for."

"Hush," said old Griley, "the trees have ears. Say 'worked for,' squire. It sounds better. And if Master Morgan is spending the money—which it's more the pity—sure he has the right. Hah! hah! there'll be plenty more when the old baronet dies."

"He looks very feeble, very much altered," mused John Verner.

"Aye," said old Griley, with a diabolical grin. "If he isn't breaking fast my name isn't Griley. He'll not be in our way long, squire, and we'll have Dingley without any marriage settlements, mark ye!"

The squire of the Grange started and turned pale, as an avaricious light shot up in his grey eyes.

"No settlements, Griley?" he said, in a low voice.

"No," said the old man, drawing nearer, and looking cautiously around as he limped along. "No, it shall be Master Morgan's, every inch of it. Leave it to old Griley and Dingley shall be in the hands of the Verners before many months have passed. You can trust old Griley, master."

"I can, I think," said John Verner, humouring him. "You have worked for us many years, Griley."

"Aye, and done dirty jobs," said the old man, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. "But for old Griley where would the dear young master be now? Hah! hah! he's heir to the Grange, and will soon be master of Dingley—all old Griley's doings!"

"Don't look back, don't look back," said John Verner, with a gesture of distaste. "I hate the past, and never look back to it without thinking of that brat—"

And he broke off and made a gesture by his hand to sweep away the remembrance.

"Tut, tut!" said old Griley, the brat's underground long ago.

"You are sure?" said John Verner.

"Sure—of course," replied old Griley. "Didn't I track the vagabonds through the country and see the boy lying all crumpled of a heap, dead?"

"Aye, aye—lucky accident," muttered John Verner. "It was all for the best."

"Aye," grinned the old rascal. "I often think, squire, that it took six horses to put you into possession! The brat was riding six abreast. Hah! hah! the heir to the Grange riding in a circus! I see him now—just the image of his father, his hair blown out and glistening like gold in the gaslight! Beautiful brat! But I hated him, squire, I hated him! Round he goes, the horses flying under him, and then all of a sudden something startles him—a child's voice amongst the idiots gazing at him—and he gives a shriek!"

John Verner shuddered.

"I told you not to go over it," he said. "I've heard the story once, and I don't want to hear it again."

"But ye asked me if I was certain the brat was dead," said old Griley absently, as he resumed. "He gave a shriek, and that old vagabond the dwarf rushes out and drags the brat from under the horses' heels! I see the rush the people made, I hear 'em shouting and yelling, hah! hah! over a brat. One would have thought that they'd known it was no common gipsy, but the heir to a grand estate—"

"Well, well," said John Verner, irritably, as if the subject possessed a power of fascination for him, anxious as he was to get rid of it, "well, what then. If you must chatter about it, get it over quickly."

"Well, I waited till the idiots had yelled themselves hoarse, and then I crept round to the back where the vagabonds had their huts, and I soon found the tent they'd taken him to. There was no one there but the old dwarf, and he was all stupefied, staring down at the hut as he lay white and stiff. I went in and touched him. Hah, hah! I could have leaped for joy. I did grin behind my hand, squire, to think that Master Morgan was the heir after all. The brat was dead and crushed and broken, like this," and with a cruel intensity, the old villain stamped on a leaf and broke it into a dozen fragments.

John Verner passed his hand across his forehead.

"It's all for the best!" he said, with a pious sigh. "Morgan is far better suited to the position than little Ernest would have been, and—don't let us say any more about it!"

Old Griley chuckled, and the precious pair dropped into silence.

Meanwhile Morgan was enjoying himself in London or Paris, and spending the money which his revered father had worked so hard for.

Since that evening when in a fit of semi-intoxication he had attempted to force a kiss upon his betrothed, and had met with as fierce a rebuff, he had eschewed the flesh and the pleasures of Quire society,

and under the plea of business, had hurried to town, where he was welcomed by a vicious circle of acquaintances, who plundered and flattered him.

Within the secret recesses of his heart too he disliked Dingley, and all pertaining to it, and looked forward to a residence there with the greatest abhorrence.

It was a fact that he never passed or thought of the shrubbery outside of Sir Edward's library without a shudder of mingled dislike and fear.

So far the position of affairs accorded well with Olive's wishes.

While Morgan Verner, her affianced husband, kept from her sight, she could bear up against the memories which were always weighing upon her, and the sight of her father's daily growing weakness.

Alone in her own room, or wandering round the house with him on her arm, she could at least deceive herself into believing that she was happy.

It was only when John Verner's harsh voice was in her ears, or his stern, forbidding face before her eyes, that she realised the hateful power and influence which he exercised over her life.

At such times she would quietly glide to her own room, and there, with her face hidden in her hands, resign herself to that sadness which is so doubly sad because it is unshared.

But she could not hope for a much longer immunity from Morgan Verner's attentions, for Dingley was beginning to rouse itself upon an occasion which will rouse the most lethargic of slaves.

A general election was drawing nigh, and there was a rumour abroad that a candidate would be proposed by the gentry represented by Sir Edward and the Verners, who possessed enough influence in the borough to make their candidate the winning one.

The prospect of some excitement foreign to the painful one which had so subdued and crushed him, seemed to brighten the old man, and it was with something of his old cheerfulness and alacrity that he said one morning, as he entered Olive's room,

"My dear, we shall have to hold a gathering of the clans."

"A gathering of the clans; and wherefore, dear?" mused Olive.

"What a little hermit you got!" he retorted, cheerfully. "Do you not know that the general election is near upon us?"

"Is it?" said Olive, listlessly.

"Yes," resumed Sir Edward, "and of course we must bestir ourselves. The other party is fearfully alert, and we must not be found sleeping."

"What are we to do, papa?" asked Olive, smoothing the feathers of a dove which was a favourite pet of hers.

Rouven had found it flamed in the wood, and had cared and given it to her.

Now it rarely left her shoulder when she was about the house.

"We must fix on a candidate," said Sir Edward.

"Olive, my dear, you must set aside a day next week for a grand political dinner."

Olive raised the dove to her lips with a smile, and in its grave amusement.

"Very well, papa. How awe-inspiring it sounds! A grand political dinner."

"Yes, yes," said the baronet, who seemed to brighten still more at the readiness with which she met his wishes; "and we will ask all the powers that be. It's an important matter that we should all hold together, and our candidate must be one generally approved. Can you help us in our choice?" he added, with an arch smile, passing her arm as he spoke round her waist.

"I!" said Olive, dreamily. "Indeed I cannot. I know nothing of politics—no, or of anything else! Unless, papa," she added, proudly and tenderly, "you will sit yourself?"

Sir Edward laughed and shook his head.

"No, no! I'm too old—too old. We want young blood, energy, talent. Now, what does my Olive say to my suggesting that we can find all these in one who is dear to her?"

Olive started and turned her face away.

"Morgan shall be our candidate, my dear," he said, pressing her to him. "I have often longed to have a son who should do something for his country, and so compensate for his father's idleness. Morgan will reign here after me, as my son, and he shall take his place amongst the rulers of the land."

The tears welled for a moment into Olive's eyes.

It was so hard to witness this misplaced faith of a nature so noble in a creature so base.

"Perhaps," she faltered, "Mr. Verner will not care for the honour you propose to confer on him."

"Never tell me," said Sir Edward, cheerily.

"Young men assume a modesty and a nonchalance they are often far from feeling. He will only be too delighted, trust me, for a position which is coveted by young men of the highest rank. Ambition is

the young man's privilege, Olive! Yes—yes, you shall be more than mistress of Dingley and the Grange—you shall be the wife of a Member of Parliament!"

Olive hid a shudder at the word wife, and smiled sadly.

"I am quite satisfied with the honour of being somebody's daughter," she murmured, as she kissed him.

Sir Edward rambled off, full of the new topic and his purpose, to write letters, and arrange for the political dinner-party.

That evening John Verner rode over to dinner, and after Olive had retired, Sir Edward opened up his amiable project.

(To be Continued.)

MAKING A FOOL OF ONE'S SELF.

MAKING a fool of one's self is, with many people, a part of the educational experience of life. Once brought to the experimental realisation of this fact, one is apt to be wiser ever after.

A man generally makes a fool of himself by wasting his money, or going into some mad speculation, or believing in mines and companies that are but traps for the unwary, or by losing his temper at a critical moment.

A woman manages to do the same thing through the means of her tongue or her heart.

She talks herself into tribulation, or she gives her love to some worthless creature who becomes the bane of her life.

It is over his empty purse that a man generally stabs and clenches his hands, and mutters:

"I've made a fool of myself."

It is over her empty heart that a woman usually wails forth the same words.

THE LITTLE PROPHETESS.

CHAPTER I.

DROWNING! Away out in the depths of the Pacific Ocean! The ship, with every soul on board, gone down already, and he, till now, buoyed up by some plank or spar which had drifted within his reach, sinking, sinking—drowning, drowned!

There was no more any Edward Masters in this mortal sphere. His soul had passed away into that mysterious realm lying somewhere far beyond human ken.

When his spirit woke to consciousness, after its strange journey, concerning which it retained no knowledge, and realised that it had begun a new phase of existence, a mad longing seized it once more to behold those dear ones he had left on earth.

Scarcely was the wish formed, when Edward, (it will be less confusing to employ the human appellation, as I perceive that I have already become entangled between "he and it,") found himself again in the house which had been home during his terrestrial pilgrimage.

It was a charming residence in the neighbourhood of one of our great cities; a spot so delightful that almost anybody's soul might have hesitated to exchange it for an unknown abiding-place in some nook of the world of shadows.

The ghost—his return had been so sudden that he did not at first comprehend he actually was one—passed through the great entrance-hall, and entered the library, which had been fitted up in accordance with his own taste when he dwelt in the flesh, and was as comfortable and luxurious an apartment as even a Sybarite could desire.

There he saw them all assembled—the little knot of friends and relatives whom he had so dearly loved.

He saw that angelic woman, his step-mother; he saw his jolly, good-natured half-brother and pretty step-sisters; his most intimate companion of former times, who had played David to his Jonathan; and, besides these, his second mother's niece, his affianced wife, Marian Danvers.

The whole group were attired in the deepest mourning. There was literally nothing in the slightest degree to soften the blackness of their affliction.

How they did sob, to be sure, standing or seated about with Marian as a central figure; Marian arrayed in widow's weeds, save that she lacked the cap, and looking the loveliest image of inconsolable grief that a poet—or a tombstone sculptor's—fancy could have conceived.

"My boy—my Edward; dearer than if he had indeed been my own son!" was the burden of Mrs. Master's lament.

"Our brother—our darling brother! our coun-

sellor—our guide—our friend!" sobbed the half-sisters.

"The best fellow that ever lived!" groaned Tom. "All of us fellows put together would not have been a quarter the loss he is."

Then the cousins followed with their portion of the dismal chorus; but of course nobody equalled Marian and David in the utter helplessness of their lamentations.

By-the-by, I must not call the latter David, because his name was Howard Fenton; but, whatever I call him, I cannot pretend to describe his grief or Marian's overpowering woe, her black, unrelieved, unrelievable despair.

The first impulse of the unseen watcher of all this misery was to rush forward and clasp Marian to his heart; but, as he tried to do so, he comprehended that, near as he seemed, an impenetrable distance stretched between him and his beloved ones, and he realised, with a feeling of irritation and pain, that he was only that humanity-dreaded and doubted thing—a ghost.

Just then into the room walked Edward Masters' lawyer, also draped in disconsolate sables, for he had loved his client from the latter's boyhood.

From certain words let fall immediately on the solicitor's appearance the ghost discovered that the party had assembled to listen to the will of their lamented relative and friend.

I should have mentioned before this that from broken remarks the phantom had already learned that, four or five days previous, the mourners had received information that the ship in which he sailed from Hong Kong had been lost, with her entire freight of passengers and crew.

After a good deal of hesitation on the part of the afflicted group, after a glass of water had been administered to the step-mother, and strong smelling salts held to Marian's Grecian nose, while big Tom blubbered, the cousins looked out of the window, trying to display manly fortitude; the sisters squeaked dismally, and David stood with his gloomy eyes fixed on vacancer, groaning at intervals, the lawyer prepared to fulfil his task.

He wiped his own eyes with a black-edge handkerchief, then reminded them that it was their duty, and his, to be resigned to the mysterious decree of Providence, which had snatched away their darling Edward, just when the golden promise of early youth was ripening into the glorious maturity of manhood.

Indeed, if he had been a sensational preacher, instead of a lawyer, he could not have spoken in more moving terms; and Tom, always a feather-head, came near sobbing amen under a momentary impression that he must be in church, but fortunately checked himself in time.

When the eulogy ended, they all blew their noses terrifically, struggled back to an approach to calmness, and seated themselves in attitudes expressive of suffering.

The lawyer drew forth the testament, unfolded it with an air as apologetic as if he had known that the ghost were present, and wished to excuse himself for the liberty he was taking, and began to read, in slow, subdued accents, the last bequests and commands of the departed.

It was a beautiful will. There was nobody forgotten. Edward Masters had been an awfully rich man.

Before setting out on that disastrous voyage to China—they all remembered, now, how each had experienced terrible forebodings, wherewith it seemed idle, even wicked, to distress the others—he had set straight his affairs down to the smallest item.

From his step-mother to his most distant cousin, each had an appropriate place in that testament; but the bulk of the vast wealth was left, as everybody knew in advance it would be, to Marian Danvers, with a generous slice set apart for Howard Fenton.

But the more the will disclosed the generous nature of him they had all dearly loved, the more unrestrainable became their grief.

At length the half-sister, who was in delicate health, had a nervous cry.

Marian fainted twice, and Howard was scarcely less overcome.

"Don't read any more!" moaned Marian, as soon as she could speak. "It seems so horrible, so heartless, to think of our taking his money. Oh, if I could die! If I could only die!"

So said the others, one and all, and meant every word; for if ever a band of sincere mourners met, this was it.

Only Tom Masters was conscious of thinking that now he could afford to give up that tiresome post in the Custom House, against which his soul had so long revolted; but to do him justice, he was terribly shocked at his own wickedness when he discovered the thought intruding into his mind.

"No more! No more!" sighed Marian, anew.

But the lawyer glanced about the room, and said, hesitatingly:

"I thought I mentioned, yesterday, that it would be necessary to have Miss Maynard present on this melancholy occasion."

The mourners showed signs of surprise.

Miss Maynard was the governess of two little Masters, girls, who were both duly named in the will, but of course not among the group in the library.

"Did I forget to speak of it?" asked the lawyer, looking at the step-mother. "The young lady must be sent for. She is interested in the will," he continued.

"Miss Maynard! The governess!" ejaculated each mourner in turn, each successive voice rising to a higher key of astonishment.

"Miss Maynard," repeated the lawyer, when the last echo died.

Mrs. Masters sat erect in her chair for an instant, then sank back, buried her face in her handkerchief, and murmured faintly:

"Ring the bell, Tom."

Tom obeyed, and Mrs. Masters desired the servant who answered the summons to request Miss Maynard to come down to the library.

There was silence in the room while the party awaited the lady's appearance. Mrs. Masters still kept her face hidden in her handkerchief. The two girls followed her example, while Fenton held smelling-salts to Marian's nose, and Tom and the cousins could not help looking in each other's eyes to see if this business about the governess was not sufficiently unexpected and extraordinary to arouse everybody momentarily from the apathy of grief in which they had been plunged.

The lawyer sat studying the will with a countenance which revealed nothing whatever, any more than if he had been the Egyptian Sphinx, minus "the calm, eternal smile."

Presently the door opened and a young lady entered the room—a woman of perhaps three-and-twenty, not beautiful, like statuesque Marian; not piquante, like flighty Celie, who came next in age on the fly-leaf of the family record; yet a woman whose face was worth studying, so full was it of sweetness and intellect combined.

The face looked somewhat pale and worn this morning, the soft gray eyes were heavy, as if from lack of sleep, and the mouth—a mouth with which Nature had taken great pains—was slightly compressed, as if it feared to betray some inward trouble.

She paused for a moment on the threshold. The lawyer rose—the other men followed his example, the lawyer drew forward a chair next his, saying:

"Please be seated, Miss Maynard. I sent for you to hear a portion of the late Edward Masters' will."

A groan from the mother-in-law was responded to by a gasp from Marian, and the two girls chimed in with sobs that sounded like an echo.

Miss Maynard started slightly at the lawyer's words, turned a little paler, but only bowed in response, and took the chair he offered.

By this time Mrs. Masters and her daughters had laid down their pocket-handkerchiefs, Tom kicked his feet under the table, the cousins flidgeted, Fenton, and even Marian herself, looked rather eager to know what was coming. Miss Maynard alone sat unmoved.

"It will not be necessary to go over the whole testament again," continued the lawyer. "The portion I wish Miss Maynard to hear is contained in a codicil, executed the day before our friend's departure."

He fluttered the paper for an instant, then read the codicil, in a low, monotonous tone. It contained a bequest of three hundred a year to the governess's widowed mother and two hundred to herself. This sum was bestowed, the document stated, as a sign of the testator's respect for the young lady and his gratitude for her conscientious care of his little sisters.

There was a sentence or so, full of appreciation, in regard to her goodness during a dangerous illness, from which his pet sister, Elsie, had suffered, and the codicil ended with a request that his step-mother should, if possible, retain Miss Maynard while the children required a governess, paying always the salary which he had himself settled when she came to the house. Now that salary was a good one, and, on adding five hundred a year to it, the sum became considerable, large enough to cause the most grief-stricken family to open its eyes.

The lawyer was first to speak, pausing to fold up the will, during which operation the silence remained so complete that the crackling of the pages sounded like a discontented murmur.

He said how glad he was, and how certain he felt that the family and friends shared his feelings. He

looked at Mrs. Masters as he spoke, and, after a brief hesitation, that lady said they did, adding:

"And I am equally sure that Miss Maynard must be very grateful for such generosity on the part of my dear son."

Then the sentence trailed off into a sob; she burst into a fresh paroxysm of tears, in which she was joined by the girls and Marian.

But Miss Maynard sat dry-eyed; careless observers might have thought her unmoved, fairly hard in her demeanour; but to anybody skilled in reading faces, there was that in her countenance more touching than the most vehement show of emotion could have been. After a few seconds, she rose.

"May I go now?" she asked of Mrs. Masters, in a low voice.

Everybody looked at her, everybody was hurt. All thought it incumbent on her to display signs of deep feeling, but they were all too much depressed for anger to be possible.

Mrs. Masters, by a sign, gave her leave to retire. She bowed, and left the room.

"Miss Maynard has great self-control," observed the lawyer, dryly, as the door closed behind her.

"Very great!" exclaimed Fenton, in a rather bitter tone.

"But she must be thankful, you know," sighed Marian.

"I hope so," added Mrs. Masters. "At all events, whatever Edward saw fit to do, must be right. Oh, my boy!"

Then they all fell to sobbing and moaning anew. The lawyer took his departure, and the others forgot the governess for the time in the absorption of their grief.

Edward stood looking on. He, too, had been somewhat hurt by Miss Maynard's manner, but he also forgot her in the excitement of watching his relatives and friends.

Really, nobody's spirit, if permitted to come back to earth, could have found its loss more deeply regretted; and it is not much to be wondered at that Edward shared their sorrow over this separation, and wished heartily that he might be allowed to resume his mortal shackles, and live anew among that tender-hearted band who had so thoroughly loved and appreciated him.

But he was forced to go. The whole scene faded suddenly. He was worlds away.

He murmured a great deal, and was so discontented, that he became exceedingly unpopular in the new sphere of existence to which he had been promoted.

At length he again received permission to see some one whom he had loved on earth. Naturally his choice fell upon Marian.

This might have been about six months, (counting by time, as we mortals do,) since Edward had assisted invisibly at the reading of his own will.

Straightway he was back on this foot-stool, in the old home.

I cannot tell how it happened, since he had only been promised the sight of one friend, but he encountered Celia in the hall, and was greatly surprised to observe that she wore a rather faint resemblance of mourning, and still more so to hear her singing, not a funeral dirge, but an air from a frivolous opera.

He hurried past her, but soothed his indignation by recollecting that he had always considered Celia a flighty creature, incapable of any real or lasting sentiment.

A moment more, and he was in the pretty room where Marian had a habit of spending her mornings.

There she sat now, the dear angel! There was no trace of levity about her; no lack of grace, and other dismal emblems of consuming affliction; no heartless song escaped her lovely lips.

On the contrary, she sighed as she gazed pensively at a large bouquet of Parma violets (horribly costly at this season), which filled a vase on the table by her side.

Edward saw a card lying by the vase, and he read thereon:

"From your ever devoted, Fenton."

Ah, he was not forgotten by either of those dear ones!

He had no power to read her thoughts, and, being unaware of his presence, she omitted to make any in an audible tone, but he perceived plainly that there was no more change in her than in himself.

Well, once again, Edward was obliged to return to the realm of spirits.

So far from acquiring resignation by this fresh glimpse of earth, he bemoaned his exile with increased violence.

What he could least endure was the thought of Marian's unhappiness; and he took dire offence at the suggestion of a noted sage, who had been long in

the shadowy sphere, that if he would have a little patience, he might have the satisfaction of seeing her perfectly consoled.

In order not to be tiresome, I must cut short the story of his discontentment and complaints.

It was finally decided that he should be sent back to earth, allowed to assume his corporeal frame, and the human existence he regretted so incessantly. Of course, as indignantly as he had rejected the idea of Marian's ever finding consolation, did he now refuse to listen to hints from the sage in regard to the way in which the waves of mortal life close over the gap left by any man's departure.

He knew that his family and his friends wanted him back.

His old place and the old loves were still open to him.

Let him go!

Only let him go!

Very well, they let him.

A room in a dwelling, up among the hills of India—that was where Edward Masters found himself.

Weeks elapsed before recollection of the past returned.

When once more fully restored, physically and mentally, this was what he learned.

On the ship with him, when he sailed for China, was a celebrated German savant—a doctor, a naturalist—Heaven knows what all. He and Edward were the only persons saved when the vessel went down. The savant had got into a boat with some sailors. The boat nearly upset, and everybody except him was washed into the sea. Presently Edward's apparently lifeless body floated toward the barque. The savant, perhaps thinking that a dead man was better than no society on the watery waste, managed to pull the senseless form into the boat, and discovered signs of life.

They drifted about for several days, and were finally picked up by a European vessel.

The savant never denied the fact that he should undoubtedly have eaten his companion, but for two reasons, both good ones: first, that he had no knife wherewith to carve the flesh; secondly, a blow on the head from some spar, or plank, had made Edward an idiot for the time, and the savant had a theory that a man was mentally influenced by whatever kind of food he ate, and felt afraid of becoming an idiot, too, if he indulged his appetite. Hence his remarkable self-denial.

This ship took the pair to China.

The savant had quarrelled with all his friends in Europe, and offered no sign of his safety.

He knew very well everything about Edward; had been acquainted with him in America, and could easily have given information to his family; but he determined to keep silence in regard to the young man's preservation till he discovered whether science and attention could restore the wandering reason, or, to speak more correctly, waken the dormant soul; for, as I said, Edward was not mad, but an idiot.

The savant wished to go to India. He went, and took his idiot with him, tame and harmless as a well-trained dog, without the dog's instinct.

It chanced that the two men had considerable sums in gold about their persons at the time of the shipwreck.

The savant united their capital, entered into some wonderful speculation, and realised no end of money.

A year and three months had gone by, when Edward got his senses back.

The savant had taken him up among the hills shortly before.

He had grown so interested in the cure, having unexpectedly discovered that there was hope for his charge; a hope derived from the fact that Edward, one day, after months of impassivity, burst into tears at the sound of a melody Marian used to play, that he could think of nothing else.

Edward recovered completely, and the savant was so delighted with his own success—the savant was human, and, much as he talked about nature, placed the triumph to his own account—that he used to embrace his late patient daily, and the late patient did not like it, for the savant ate garlic, and smoked cheap tobacco.

Once thoroughly himself, Edward was wild to return home.

The savant consented to accompany him, but made it a sine qua non that no rumour of their safety should reach England before their arrival.

As suddenly as his reason had come back, there occurred to Masters' mind the incidents already related.

He told the whole story to the savant, as a remarkable dream, to have happened while he was, to all appearance, an idiot.

The savant said it might be a dream, and it might be reality.

One thing was certain; for many months Edward's

soul had been hidden somewhere, and there was no sign of its being secreted about his body.

The old German was not that odddest of contradictions, a savant who is a materialist.

He possessed a religious faith which might not be quite orthodox, but was simple and earnest as a child's.

He said that according to his view, for a soul to be allowed to go away from earth, and come back, (some mysterious magnetic agency always preserving the links unbroken between itself and its body), was no more wonderful than for that soul to have come down to earth the first time.

But after awhile Edward shrank from the subject, and the savant, perceiving this, kept his strange fancies to himself. Once, only, he attempted to persuade his friend that it would be wise to let the old life go; to call this return to earth a resurrection, and frame a new destiny; but Edward so obviously considered him a lunatic, that he did not even pursue the topic sufficiently to reveal his reasons for such advice.

The two men were on their way to England.

The savant, still determined to take the world by surprise, never allowed their real names to be known.

They landed in Liverpool.

Edward had never been shaven since he sailed from that port. He wore a tremendous beard, which rendered him perfectly unrecognisable.

The savant had for years indulged in a beard even longer.

The first thing Edward did on landing, was to cut it off, as he was as much changed as his companion.

By the time they were ready to leave the hotel it was near dark, and they were both hungry. Edward proposed going to Delmonico's, but the German's soul yearned for a particular sort of horrible sausage, which looked like a miniature boa-constrictor, and smelt detestably. There was only one place in all Liverpool, where this delicacy could be obtained, properly cooked, and to that, and no other, would the savant go.

They sought it out, entered one of the dirty little boxes, and were duly served, Edward petitioning for dishes in which neither sausage nor cabbage should find a place.

Midway in their meal, they were roused by hearing Masters' name pronounced by some persons in the box next their's.

Edward started up, but the savant whispered to him to keep quiet.

Their neighbours were a couple of men who had lived a good deal in Germany, and who, like the Professor, had strayed in thither to indulge in some kind of deadly Teutonic dish. Presently they addressed each other by name.

Edward whispered to his companion that he knew them both.

Before this he had heard something of their conversation.

He was so thunderstruck that he could not stir, could not remember that it was, perhaps, indelicate to listen.

As for the savant, he cared not a rush about the indelicacy; he wanted to hear, and meant to do so.

The conversation was about like this:

"It is just as well Ned Masters can't look back," said one.

"It was a stupid will, anyhow," replied the other.

"But Masters was always rather soft, though a good enough fellow in the main."

The savant laid down his knife and fork, expressly to chuckle.

"Well, at this rate," said the first, "the lawyers will get more of the money than anybody else. In the beginning the cousins fought with the step-mother. Now Celia's husband is fighting about her share, and Tom and Fenton nearly came to blows last week."

"It's my opinion the governess is the only decent one in the lot," observed the second. "She sticks to the charge of the children, because Ned wished it, but she has a bad time. Her mother told me three months ago that Mrs. Masters had cut down her salary to nothing, telling her that if she did not think she had already robbed (sweet word, eh?) herself and the children sufficiently she had better leave."

"Ah, ha!" muttered the savant, "that is the little girl who did not feel enough when the will was read—ja, ja!" And he chuckled like an old Mephistopheles.

"Marian and her aunt always got on well," was the next remark.

"Oh, yes, they are genuinely fond of one another. Poor Marian!"

"Nonsense!" came the retort. "If she will make an idiot of herself she must."

A few speeches, inaudible, then followed.

"As for Howard Fenton, he has no more heart than a stone. At his weakest Ned Masters was worth twenty of him."

The speakers left the box. The servant watched Edward in silence.

The young man's face had cleared again.

"Did you hear?" he said, eagerly. "My poor Marian!"

"What did they mean by her making an idiot of herself?" asked the servant, an odd expression brightening his eyes.

"They meant that she was an idiot to waste her life mourning for me," said Edward. "And those are friends!"

"O—oh! Ach, mein Gott! That was what they meant!" exclaimed the servant, in a voice as odd as his look had been a moment before.

"Of course it was!"

"Of course it was!" echoed the servant, and lighted his pipe.

Edward was eager to go out to his house, about an hour's drive from time.

It had at first been decided that he should send some intimation of his return, but this conversation rendered him too restless to wait for that.

Once in the carriage, he rushed into the highest spirits.

He cared little what Tom and his cousins might have done, Marian still loved him; so did his mother.

As for the stories in regard to the latter's ill-treatment of the governess, he did not believe one word of them, as they were easily disposed of.

"And, really," he said, "you could not expect a set of young fellows to go on grieving for ever. As for Celia, she was always a goose."

The Professor at length made him perceive that it would be positively dangerous to present himself too suddenly at the house; he might nearly kill his mother and Marian. They must go to work very cautiously. It was not an everyday occurrence for a man to be dead almost a year and a half, and then come to life, without so much as sending a telegram from the other world, to announce his return!

They left the carriage at an inn of a village near the mansion, and took a path through the fields, which led them into the shrubberies. It was late in May, and the evening was warm and pleasant. The soft gray of twilight spread about as Edward Masters once more stood in his garden.

Close to a pretty arbour they stopped to consult. The servant was to go first into the house, and break the wonderful news as best he might. The family all knew him. Suddenly the sound of voices reached them from the arbour—bitter sobs and weeping. Edward recognised little Hilda's tones, crying,

"What shall I do? How can I let you go, dear, dear Grace?"

"And the governess's tremulous voice answered: "My darling, it must be. Your mother has decided, and we must submit. Try to be a good girl, and remember that I love you dearly."

"Oh, what would Edward say?" sobbed the child. "You were to stay with me, that was his command. Oh, Grace, Grace, they have all forgotten him, except you and me."

"Hush, my dear. You must not say that."

"It is true, though."

"I am sure it is not."

"Yes, it is! Why, even mamma—"

"Hilda! Hilda!" broke in Miss Maynard, gently. "Your mamma loved him—"

"Then she oughtn't to be going out to parties when he has only been dead a little over a year—and they all to take off black three months ago, and pretend that it was on account of Celia's marriage."

The small maid, a creature of twelve, whom delicate health had rendered precocious and womanly, so far as the development of her mind was concerned, received a mild but severe lecture upon the wickedness of judging her elders.

"I can't help it," she sobbed; "it is awful! And now for mamma to send you away! I wish I could die and go to Edward! Oh, Grace, it does not seem possible that he can be dead! I dreamed only last night that he had come back."

"So did I, dear," and it became evident that the governess was weeping too.

"Once," pursued Hilda, "I dreamed that he was here again, and that it was you he was to marry."

"Silly little dreamer!" returned Miss Maynard, and tried to laugh, but her voice was very tremulous.

"Grace," said the child, "I should like to tell you something. You are going away. Oh, what shall I do? To think that it may be years and years before we meet! California is so far—"

"What do you want to tell me?"

"You will not be angry? But—but—I know you copied that large photograph mamma has; and—and, one night, when I was ill, and you sat up with me, I heard you praying. You are not angry, Grace?"

"No, dear, I am not angry," the governess replied, in a tone of unearthly sweetness and patience. "Ed-

ward's is in Heaven now, and knows what I did not myself know until the news of his death came to me. It will only be a closer bond between us two, my darling, your telling me this. I am glad you know."

Then there was a brief silence. Presently Miss Maynard said:

"We must go in now: it is getting late. Besides, the wedding cards have come, and your mamma left me a long list of names to fill in."

"How can Marian marry Howard Fenton?" exclaimed Hilda. "I do so detest that man."

"Don't say that, dear. Edward loved him. Marian told me only yesterday that the first reason for her being attracted toward him was because he had shared her grief; had appreciated Edward as thoroughly and warmly as she did."

"Please don't talk about that!" cried Hilda, impatiently. "I don't believe it."

"Marian is a good girl," Miss Maynard said. "She means always to do what is exactly right."

"A good girl, when next week she is to become Mrs. Howard Fenton! Pah! It makes me sick. Positively, though I miss him more every day, I am glad Edward died, rather than have had him live to learn that Marian was a beauty, and nothing else. Nature," pursued the young dilettante, in a disdainful tone, "spent so much time over her face, that she had no leisure to give her a soul."

The two were gone.

"Ach, mein Gott!" exclaimed the servant. "For the first time in my life I wish that I had a daughter, and that the small Hilda were she!"

Then he remembered Edward, and what he must be suffering.

"My boy!" he fairly groaned, with an emotion of which one would have hardly believed him capable. "My poor boy!"

"Never mind," interrupted Edward, cheerfully. "If ghosts will come back, they must take the consequences."

The servant stared at him, turned him round three times, as if executing some magic rite; stared again, and cried:

"You are not broken-hearted?"

"I wish Mrs. Fenton joy," he replied. "Look here, Professor. The old life seems like a dream! I believe I did die. I believe my soul did go away and come back."

"So do I," returned the servant; and I always have, and always shall, though it sounds as if I was as mad as a whole Beilman to say so. But never mind. We are here on earth, at all events. The question is, what do you mean to do now?"

"Go back to town; send for my lawyer; find out how my returning to existence (what an indiscretion it is, by the way! I feel quite guilty) can be rendered least a misfortune, pecuniarily, to any dear, loving friends and relations."

"You must not judge them too harshly."

"I don't. No fear of that. They have only acted in accordance with the instincts of humanity. I should probably have done just the same had the cases been reversed."

The doctor stood still for an instant, then clapped his hands, then danced a jig, and was only restored to his senses by dropping his meerschaum pipe out of his pocket, and suffering untold agonies in a moment, for fear the priceless treasure might be broken.

When he had picked up his idol, and found it uninjured, he exclaimed:

"Ah, ah! The little girl did not feel—ja, ja! Who could not cry and do theatricals? A hard-hearted young monster—ja, ja!" Then he added, in a voice of sudden ferocity: "Are you a perfect idiot, you?"

"No, I am not," said Edward.

"Good!" ejaculated the servant, slapping him on the back. "Now let's get to town as fast as we can. I could eat another sausage!"

They returned to the city. Edward sent for his lawyer.

The fact of his being alive once admitted and gotten over they proceeded to business.

Certain Nevada lands which Edward owned, had recently greatly risen in value; they held silver and gold, and there was an opportunity to sell to a mining company.

The extra money, joined to the sum the servant had made for him in India, would enable him to bestow a comfortable fortune on his step-mother, give Marian a goodly marriage portion, and aid the others as much as it might be wise to do.

"Idiot!" cried the servant.

"Unheard of!" pronounced the lawyer.

"A returned ghost must not make himself too unpleasant," said Edward, with a merry laugh.

The task of announcing his reappearance on earth to his family and friends was confided to the lawyer, who set about it early the next morning with a serene satisfaction which delighted the servant.

At first Mrs. Masters would not believe the story, the cousins were quite outrageous, declared the claimant an impostor and threatened a law-suit, but they all finished by crediting the tale. Then Marian had hysterics—very excusably, I think, though, as a rule, I am not in favour of the malady—but she had to come out of them unaided, for the rest were too busy to notice her, she not being one-half the importance in their eyes that she had been on the previous day.

Finally, everybody discovered that a good deal of money would still fall to everybody, and they all tried to be glad that Edward was alive.

The next evening he and the servant went up to the country-house. Hilda met him in the hall.

"I was not surprised," she said, as soon as she could talk coherently; "I never believed you were dead. I was sure, if you had been, that you would have come back to see Grace and me."

Marian had a fresh attack of spasms, was brought to, and heard Edward congratulating her.

"Fenton is the best fellow in the world," said he.

"Marian, I am awfully glad I was drowned. I never could have made you half so happy as he will. You are exactly suited to one another."

The servant unconsciously stood on one foot, and waved his left leg in the air, so delighted was he with the close of the speech.

"Let me be first to offer my wedding-gift," continued Edward.

He pulled a jewel-case from his pocket, and displayed a parure of diamonds so magnificent that Marian nearly fainted, and the servant settled his left pedal extremity on the floor, and muttered, audibly:

"Idiot!"

Then Edward turned to his step-mother, and said:

"Where is Miss Maynard? My little Hilda has already told me of her goodness during this dear child's illness. I want to thank her."

But the governess had been sent away that morning before the lawyer arrived with his astonishing revelations.

Mrs. Masters did the best thing that could be done under the circumstances—told the truth; showing thereby that she possessed some heart, and a good deal of common sense.

"I treated the girl like a brute," said she. "Edward, the money was a curse to all of us!"

There was talk (originating with Marian, and filtering through her aunt,) of putting off the wedding for awhile.

"Not to be thought of!" pronounced Edward.

"It seems so indelicate!" sighed Mrs. Masters.

"My dear friend," returned Edward, he was goodness itself to her, but he never called her mother again, "my spirit would have been supposed by you all to be rejoicing over Marian's happiness. How can it be indelicate for me to do so in mortal shape?"

There was nothing more to be said.

The wedding took place the following week. Grace Maynard was present. Mrs. Masters went herself to town to beg the ex-governess to gratify them all by coming.

After the bride and groom had departed, Edward and Grace chanced to find themselves, for an instant, in the garden. He seized her hand, and said, abruptly,

"I have been dead, and have come back to life. I am all alone. I love you. Will you help me to get accustomed to the earth once more?"

Half an hour later, Hilda danced out of the shrubberies, and rushed up to them.

"I haven't heard a syllable," cried she, "but I dreamed last night how it would be! Do let me kiss you both!"

Always, after that, for she insisted upon living in their house, they professed a great respect for Hilda's dreams, and, among themselves, always called her the "LITTLE PROPHECIAS."

F. L. B.

SCIENCE.

RED INK.—The following recipe for a beautiful red ink is given by Mtra, of Paris: Dissolve 25 parts, by weight, of saffron in 500 parts warm glycerine, then stir in carefully 500 parts alcohol and an equal quantity of acetic acid. It is then diluted with 2,000 parts water, in which is dissolved a little gum arabic.

RUSTY NAILS.—Every little while we read of one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot or some other portion of his person, and lo! jaw has resulted therefrom. All such wounds can be healed without any fatal consequences following them. The remedy is simple. It is only to smoke such wound, or any wound or bruise that is inflamed, with burning

wool or woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wood will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation we ever saw from a wound.

ELECTROPLATING OF LEAVES AND INSECTS.—A new and improved method of metallization of organic substances, so as to fit them for receiving galvanic deposits, has been devised by M. Cagnon. It is both more rapid and more safe for the operator than the ordinary way. The nitrate of silver which serves for the metallization is dissolved in wood spirit, by which means a thorough impregnation of the object is obtainable. After maceration (more or less) the object is dried through rapid agitation, but while still moist it is submitted to a saturated solution of ammonia, easily reducible. Drying is then completed at a mild temperature, and the object is then suspended in mercurial vapours and completely metallized in a few minutes.

UNDERGROUND PUMPING.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Engineers, Mr. V. Fendred, President, in the chair, a paper by Mr. Henry Davy, on the underground pumping machinery at the Erin Colliery, Westphalia, was read. The paper described what is probably the largest example of underground pumping engines extant. The system, which was originated by the author, may thus be briefly described. In the mine (which is 1,200 feet deep), 920 feet from the surface, is placed a pair of compound differential pumping engines, capable of raising 1,400 gallons per minute to the surface, at the same time supplying power through the medium of the rising columns to two differential hydraulic pumping engines placed at the bottom of the mine, and employed in lifting 1,000 gallons per minute to the main engines. Steam is carried down to the main engines from the surface, at a pressure of 70 lbs. per square inch. After passing through the engines it is condensed, and a vacuum of from 24 to 26 inches of mercury is obtained by means of a separate condenser which produces at once the vacuum of the engine, and enables it to start to work against the full column. The methods of actuating the valves in the steam and hydraulic engines were fully shown. In the latter case the valves are worked without any metallic connections, by means of a modification of the differential gear. The paper was illustrated by detail drawings of the steam and hydraulic engines, and also of the separate condenser, as well as by working models of the machinery.

LECTURE EXPERIMENTS WITH GUN COTTON.—Dr. A. Vogel describes several methods of proving that nitrous and nitric acids are among the gaseous products of the combustion of trinitro-cellulose or gun cotton. A tuft of gun cotton is placed in a large test glass which tapers to a point beneath, ignited, and covered as quickly as possible with a glass plate. The interior of the glass is immediately filled with the characteristic yellowish red fumes of nitrous acid. When gun cotton is ignited on a piece of moistened litmus paper, it colours the paper red. It also reddens tincture of litmus, if burned in a beaker glass on the bottom of which is some of the tincture. When burned on a strip of moistened iodide of potassium and starch paper, gun cotton leaves a dark blue spot. The characteristic test for nitric acid with bismuth can be obtained by burning the gun cotton in a conical test glass, at the bottom of which are a few drops of water, and covering with a glass plate. The water at the bottom of the glass has a strongly acid reaction and exhibits this reaction if placed on a watch glass in contact with bismuth and sulphuric acid. A curious reaction takes place when an ounce of collodion is mixed with an equal volume of concentrated nitric acid. The reaction is very violent, red fumes are evolved, heat is generated, and at the conclusion of the reaction nothing remains in the vessel but cotton, the alcohol and ether being totally destroyed or evaporated. The cotton, which now apparently possesses a fiber, is not only not explosive but is almost totally combustible, its character having been totally changed during the experiment.

FOR HER SAKE

"What a pretty woman!"

"And what a bright-looking young fellow! Mother and son, do you suppose?"

"Of course not. Brother and sister. Why, she looks barely twenty-five."

"Some women never look their real age. This is one of Owen Meredith's 'primrose-faced' women. And I think she is that boy's mother. I judge chiefly from the expression of absorbed devotion on his face."

"Why does it not occur to you he is her lover?"

"It is not a lover-expression. Who is it?—Bret Harte; no, Joaquin Miller—who says that the love

for his mother is the strongest emotion of the Anglo-American? That he may fall of being a good husband, but he never fails of being a devoted son."

"Let us go to the hotel, and look out that woman's name on the register. I saw her at breakfast in our dining-room this morning."

"Come along."

They turn over the leaves, these two—Frank Field and Dick Airy.

"Here we are, said Dick. "Mrs. Sylvester; Martine Sylvester. I was right, you see; mother and son."

"Yes," chimed in the clerk, standing by. "Mother and son. I asked the young man the question myself."

Frank nodded, and then he and Dick lounged off again.

"I wish I had made a bet on it," said Dick, in high spirits.

"Do you? I don't. I believe you knew all about them, all along."

"Not a bit of it. Give me credit for my natural discrimination. Here they come again. By Jove! but she is pretty, though."

Yes, very pretty.

Dark eyes, dark hair, bright colour, delicate features, pure Greek outline.

Not my notion of a "primrose face," by the way, which, to my thinking, should be of the "rosy blonde" type.

A slight, graceful woman, for the most; so slight that matrimony had not made her in the least heavy.

Had you been acting a play, you would have given this woman the sobriquet part, from her "build." She would always be girlish-looking and lithe.

In passing, why need I have made that allusion to the stage?

It is curious that Kitty Sylvester always recalled the boards, as she did.

Certainly she recalled the mimic scene all at once to Dick Airy.

He stopped suddenly.

"I knew I had seen her before," he said; "I have it. Years ago, ten, at least, I went to a theatre in the Strand. The leading role was taken by an American actress, who was making a decided sensation. A regular beauty. The talk was she was a widow, and was playing to support herself and her child. She was to have made a tour, and I expected to go to see her in Paris; but she married some rich old fellow, and left the stage. Depend upon it, this is the same person."

"And the rich old fellow?"

"Died. They always do."

This conversation took place on the shining white sands of an island which had become, within a year or so, a very popular resort, in one of the Southern bays.

The hotel was a long, low, rambling edifice, in a group of palmetto trees.

The island was five miles in extent, and the beach made a magnificent race-course and driving-park.

The bathing was delightful. The climate was delicious.

Flowers grew here in profusion. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the garden attached to the hotel.

Martine Sylvester had persuaded his mother to let him pull her about in a boat.

Airy and Field saw them presently shoot out into the crimson waters—it was at sunset—and heard the lady's laugh ring out.

The two seated themselves on a rock, and deliberately watched them.

But they could not hear Kitty say:

"I feel like a bird out of a cage. Oh, Martine, what I have suffered all these years!"

"Dear mamma, forget them."

"I will—gradually. That is why I talk about them. It is my nature to recover from the effects of any trouble I can talk about. It is the brooding over any thing in silence that fixes it in my life."

"You were married ten years?"

"Yes. And I have been a widow for two weeks."

"Oh! what a mistake I made. But I thought we should be so well off. I wanted you to have an education and a start in life, and he was a man of means and influence."

"Well, it is all over now. And he did give me an education. And he has left you with an independence."

"Isn't it strange that he never suspected how I repented my bargain? But no. He pored over his books all those ten years, and gave me what I wanted—all except one thing I wanted: change of scene. He kept me buried alive for ten mortal years. I wonder I did not kill myself."

"I don't wonder. You knew you might as well kill me."

"And you not with me. First off at school, then off at college. The thought that you were doing well was the only thing that kept me up. Yes, I am sure I would have killed myself but for you."

"Do you know who you make me think of? Of the Sleeping Beauty, who, after her hundred years' nap, was as young and fresh as when the spell first fell upon her."

"I certainly have been asleep for a decade. Well. I ought to look young and fresh. Otherwise, ten years of youth and beauty would have been entirely thrown away."

"Those two men who passed us to or three times on the beach are seated on a rock, and are watching us. I think they have lost their hearts."

"They are nice-looking men. One of them looks cynical, but that may be merely affectation. The other is beautiful. There are few men to whom one may apply the term, you know."

"It is the beautiful one who I think has lost his heart. The cynical one will always be more in love with himself than any one."

"My dear, what do you know about falling in love?"

"Not much, from experience. I never expect to be in love with anyone but my mother."

"I should be awfully jealous of your sweetheart, Martine."

"You'll never have cause to be. How could I fall in love with any woman, having seen you? I wish you could see yourself now."

"The low sea-mist glories all your hair, And glossy-throated grace."

"Oh, my dear boy, I never had a lover, I never shall have a lover, like you."

"Was my father not such a one?"

"My dear, no. He was an artist. He reserved his fine speeches for the stage. I am so glad you have no artistic tastes. You will be a humdrum civil engineer."

The boy was barely nineteen, but he had already graduated from college with credit. He was what is called an excellent fellow, and he looked it, every inch of him. Barely honest and devoted and guileless.

An English-looking boy, with a fine, steady colour. His absorbing passion was this mother of his. He had suddenly awakened to the conviction that she had married rich old Mr. Sylvester for his sake, and it seemed to him he could never repay her for the sacrifice. He somewhat exaggerated this sacrifice. Kitty would probably have bettered her condition, even if she had not had a boy to profit by the step. It was an unexpectedly cruel blow which, after her marriage, cast her lot on a lonely farm in the interior of Virginia. This had not been in the bond.

Take it all in all, she had come off very well, I think.

She had married for convenience. Behold her now, a young woman still, free to begin life all over again, her son equipped for the battle of life.

Ordinary gratitude should have silenced her as regarded old Mr. Sylvester, who had done his duty by her and hers. Her boy bore his name, by the way. That had been the original stipulation.

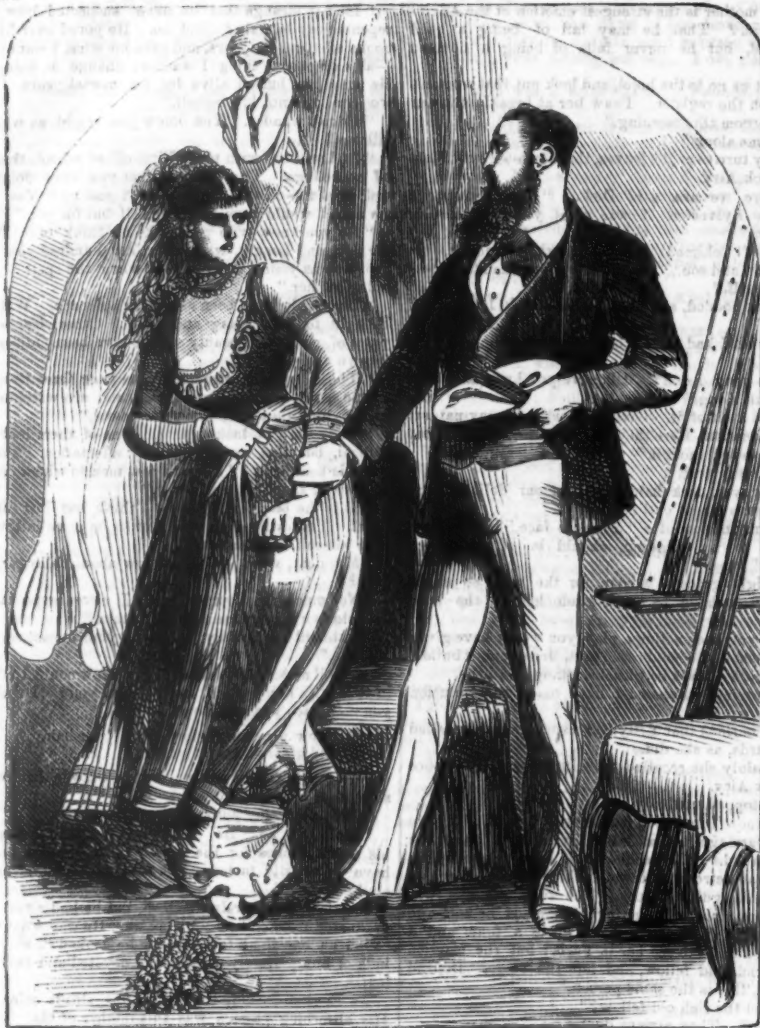
But gratitude was not a strong growth in Kitty Sylvester's breast. She argued that all the good that came to her was her just due; and she resented deeply disappointment and vexations of all sorts. She was frantic to be happy. It would not be her fault if she were not.

Mother and son pulled about in the crimson waters, under the crimson skies, until the crimson had faded out of both. Then Martine rowed toward shore. Actually then Airy and Field were still sitting on their rock.

They had talked and smoked the time away. Now they arose and followed Mrs. Sylvester and her son up to the house.

The next day Martine was taken ill. Mrs. Sylvester was frightened to death. This was so new a resort that it had not yet attained to the dignity of a resident physician.

The nearest doctor was at Beaufort, three or four hours away. Mrs. Sylvester was half distracted. She could not leave Martine, and yet she could



[A WIFE'S IMBELLION.]

not bear to trust to a note. Perhaps the doctor could not come, but if he perfectly understood the case, he could send the proper medicines.

Martine's danger completely roused her out of herself. She had been called up in the middle of the night to him, and had thrown on then a floating white wrapper.

She had not changed her dress since; but stood talking to Mr. Stevens, the laundress, pale and preoccupied, in the early morning.

"Madam," Mr. Stevens said, "if you will leave your son in my hands, I will take the best possible care of him. I would offer to go myself to Beaufort, and see the doctor for you, if it was in my power."

Here Dick Airy lounged to the open doorway.

Mrs. Sylvester replied:

"I could not possibly leave my boy. He will die—he is desperately ill. I have very little hope; but he will at least die in my arms."

Dick came forward impulsively.

"I beg pardon, but I could not help overhearing. Is your son ill?"

"Yes. A violent attack of cholera morbus."

"I beg you to command me, if I can be of the slightest service."

"Oh!" Kitty was one of those women who seldom decline an offer of assistance. In this case, too, the need was urgent. "If you would! I am so intensely anxious to send word to the doctor. Can you? Will you?"

"With all the pleasure in life."

Dick felt that his star was in the ascendant. It was charming to be made use of in this way by so pretty a woman.

No doubt, also, he did a very charitable thing in taking that trip to Beaufort. Martine Sylvester was very ill indeed.

The doctor could not possibly come to him, moreover; but Airy gave him such an exact diagnosis of the case that he prescribed medicines, which he sent by Airy, which undoubtedly saved the boy's life. And the next day he came himself.

When Airy came back to the island that night Mrs. Sylvester floated down the stairs to meet him, with eyes aflame with excitement and anxiety. She heard what he had to say, and took the medicine from him, without uttering a word of thanks. But the finger-tips that touched Dick's for a moment were like ice.

"She is half crazy," Dick said to himself. "She loves that boy to distraction."

He and Frank betook themselves to their cigars and piazza. In spite of his day on the steamboat, part of it in the broiling sun, Dick was not sleepy. So the night wore away. Things were kept as quiet as possible about the hotel on the invalid's account.

After a while, it was so still that the two men could almost hear the ticking of their watches. Occasionally a muffled step went up and down the house; a servant, probably, going for ice or wine. Finally Dick started up.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said. "I must go and see whether that boy still holds out."

At the door leading from the piazza he met Mrs. Sylvester.

She was trembling all over, and with such a strange look on her face as communicated its contagion of excitement to Dick. Only he misread it. He recoiled a step or two.

"Did you think me very ungrateful this afternoon? I remembered afterwards that I did not even thank you. But can I find words in which to thank you? You have saved my boy's life."

"I am glad to hear that he is so much better?"
"He is conscious. He has spoken to me. He has taken a little nourishment. And—I owe it to you for bringing me that blessed medicine."

She held out both her hands to him and grasped his.

A smile broke over her face; the tears rained down it.

She was beside herself with happiness. Dick, for all his fine-gentleman airs, was a warm-hearted fellow.

He bent down, in the full tide of his sympathy, and kissed Kitty's slender cold hands.

Then, as he drew himself up, he blushed like a schoolboy.

"Never mind," said Kitty, blushing too. "I forgive you. I would forgive you any thing to-night."

"Then will you do me a favour?"

"If I possibly can."

"Let me sit up with your son for the rest of the night. You need the rest to give you the strength to take care of him to-morrow."

"Oh, I could not possibly leave him!"

"Is he sleeping now?"

"Yes."

"Then let me stay with him until he wakes. He will need you then. You can do nothing for him now."

Dick looked so much in earnest, moreover so thoughtful and kind, that Kitty suddenly decided she could trust him.

She installed him in the sick room; then stole away to snatch a nap.

At the dawn of day she was back again, before Martine had awakened.

Dick looked at her reproachfully for having returned so soon; but she positively would stay now; and she hurried him off with grateful relentlessness.

Dick was astonished to find how sleepy he was himself!

He slept and slept now, until the day was well over.

Then he strolled down stairs.

Frank Field was loading his gun a short distance from the house.

He and Dick had an engagement to go hunting the next day.

"Hullo!" said Frank. "Are you one of the seven sleepers? The doctor is here. Says young Sylvester made a narrow miss of it. Will stay all night, and see him pull through. Stevens says he must think the boy very sick. I say that the pretty mother has a great deal to do with the medico's zeal."

"I am glad he came."

"See here, I never knew you so badly hit before."

"Pshaw! Common humanity."

"Uncommon inhumanity on her part, I think. She looks to me like an out-and-out flirt."

"All right," agreed Dick, loftily.

The next morning, as the friends were about to start forth on their hunt, Mrs. Sylvester came forward from the shelter of the piazza where she had been receiving the doctor's parting instructions, to speak to them—or rather to speak to Dick. He had already sent her a note, offering his services for the day, which she had declined.

"Remember that I shall insist upon mounting guard to-night," Dick said.

"My friend will not present me," began Frank.

"Oh, I beg pardon. Mrs. Sylvester, Mr. Field."

"Mrs. Sylvester, it will gratify me extremely if you will permit me to relieve you occasionally."

"You are both very kind."

"It is only common humanity," said Dick, with a withering glance at Frank.

Frank actually had the grace to blush a little! Kitty noticed this, and wondered why. But, at the same time, she reflected what a very beautiful face this young man had.

"Baldur the beautiful," she said to herself, vaguely, there being no especial appropriateness in this quotation, which ends, you remember, "is dead, is dead."

Kitty moved away again, with a wave of the hand and a gay smile.

The two men went to their hunt. That night Dick sat up with young Sylvester; the next night, Frank.

The young man was not pronounced out of danger for a week or so.

During all that time Dick and Frank were most devoted.

A rarely intimate friendship grew up between the four.

Kitty was more attracted towards Frank, of the two.

I am quite sure for the reason that he resisted her charms longer than Dick did. He had a colder, less impressionable nature.

Kitty was very pretty—very charming, but so were very many women.

He studied her from a professional point of view—he was a painter; but it did not occur to him to surrender his heart to her for a long time, as Dick did at the first blush.

Still he made pretty speeches to her, and was as sympathetic as he knew how to be; and somehow he touched a smouldering chord in Kitty's breast.

"I thought that you did not like artists, mamma?" said Martine, a little abruptly, one day.

Frank had brought in a portfolio of sketches to show the sick boy, which Kitty had forthwith become very much engrossed in.

Then Frank had made a sketch of Mrs. Sylvester herself.

She was holding this now, looking at it. It was exceedingly spirited and graceful.

"Mr. Field does not seem to be like an artist—like the kind I have known, darling."

"I like Mr. Airy ten times better."

"Do you? I've known so many people just like him."

"I haven't. I never saw his equal for unselfishness and kindness."

"I fancy something more out of the common way."

"To be sure, Mr. Airy does not affect to be unusual."

"And Mr. Field does?"

"Rather. He has an ideal he is always striving after, and he takes one into his secret! Now, that picture of you. It annoys me. He doesn't know you at all. It is soulless. A mere pretty woman. I heard him say, the other day, a woman had no need to be anything but pretty."

"Well, my dear, he was right."

"He was horribly wrong. Do I love you because you are beautiful? No; I love you for your warm heart, your tenderness, your coyness."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!"

"And, if you would let him, Mr. Airy would love you for just these things."

Kitty stroked back Martine's chestnut hair, and kissed his forehead.

"So you would consent to my having another lover?"

"I would consent to whatever would make you happiest."

Here some one threw into the room where the mother and son were, a nosegay of roses and heliotrope, through the open window. A little note pinned to it was signed D. A., and asked Mrs. Sylvester to take a walk. She pulled an airy white shawl over her head, and went.

Dick was leaning against a pillar of the piazza waiting for her.

"I am going to-morrow," he said, as they walked off. "I've had a letter from my father, who needs me. May I tell you something?"

"If it is a pleasant something."

"I love you. There! I've been on the point of telling you this twenty times, but was afraid you would think me too precipitate. Will you marry me, Mrs. Sylvester?"

"We scarcely know each other."

"I know you well enough to love you. For me, I will tell you my family history. I am my father's only son. He is a wealthy importing merchant. I shall be a millionaire one of these days. We are respectable people, as respectability goes. My grandfather was a colonel."

Kitty was impressed. But she said:

"What do you take me for? Do you tell me all this, as you offer a child candy if it will be good?"

"Oh, if you only would be good! No; these are my motives; I can't expect you to marry a beggar, and when a woman marries, she usually expects to know something of a man's antecedents."

"I am not like most women. I am very unconventional. I married once for convenience—I don't mind telling you now. If I marry again, it will be for something better."

"But you haven't given me an answer."

"I can't just yet. Give me time."

But before he left, next day, she had almost promised him.

He considered, on his part, that he was bound to her. He argued that they would have been definitely engaged had their acquaintance been of longer standing. For the rest, he respected Kitty's scruples in the matter. In truth, he was prepared to think that anything she said or did was perfection.

They parted in this wise:

He came to the door of Martine's room and knocked. Kitty admitted him, smiling.

He was boosted and spurred, or, in modern parlance, he had on his travelling-cap, his strap was slung across his shoulder, his canvas-covered bag attached thereto. He came up to Martine first.

"Good-bye, Martine, old boy. Hurry up and get well."

"Good-bye, dear Mr. Airy. How I shall miss you."

"Take good care of your mother. Has she told you, old fellow?"

"Yes. I am so glad. I wished it."

"Martine—Martine! You are too fast by half! I haven't made up my mind yet."

Martine smiled. Dick laughed.

"Ah, don't say that. I'm going, you see. Send me off in good spirits. You know you mean to have me sooner or later. Why not say the word now?"

He took both her hands, and looked straight into her eyes with his honest hazel ones. Kitty gave a half-sigh. Why would man be so importunate? She was not near ready yet to exchange liberty for matrimonial fetters. But Dick argued well from the fact that she left her hands still in his grasp.

He stooped down and kissed them, as he had done once before. Emboldened then, he stooped and kissed her "snowdrift" brow. Poor Martine turned his face to the wall at this. But Dick had forgotten all about Martine by this time. He hurried away, without looking at him again.

Kitty went to the window and waved her handkerchief until he was well out of sight. Then she sat down and played chess with Martine for two or three hours. Looking up once, she caught Martine's eyes fixed upon her with such a wistful expression in them.

"Darling," she said, "don't look so sadly at me. Don't fancy anyone could ever take your place. Whatever I ever may be to any other man, I am always your mother first. I don't think it is in me to feel any love very strongly except the mother-love."

"I am slightly consoled. But I was awfully jealous when he kissed you."

"Wasn't it audacious of him? I really had not quite decided."

"But he settled the question summarily."

"I'm not so sure."

"Oh, yes, you must be sure now."

"You saucy boy, are you giving your mother a lesson in propriety?"

Evidently Mr. Field was in the dark as regarded his friend's suit with Mrs. Sylvester.

He and she saw a great deal of each other after this. There were not many guests at the island, and those who were there were mutually dependent upon each other for good offices.

Frank felt called upon to offer to sit with Martine and to walk with Kitty. It was so forlorn for her to start off by herself.

Kitty invariably accepted his advances. She had a bright, engaging way with her. Frank was a self-absorbed, preoccupied man. He required to be brought out in order to shine, and he constantly had a feeling of gratitude to Mrs. Sylvester for performing this office for him.

"You like him very much, don't you, mamma dear?" queried Martine, one day. "Better than Mr. Airy?"

"Dear Martine, what a question!"

"Come! You won't mind telling me."

"Mr. Field has never asked me to like him at all."

"That is evading."

"Yes. You are as inquisitive as the mother of us all. Well, I don't mind telling you that Mr. Field fascinates me. It is nothing less than that. I can't tell why I like him, why I want to be with him, but the fact remains. He fascinates me," repeated Kitty.

"It is just that."

"I am so glad that Mr. Airy captured you first. This one could never have made you happy. I have a fancy that he is like—"

"Your father? My dear, he is. And he fascinated me in exactly the same way. I can't explain to you how it is; but the sound of his voice thrills me—the look of his eyes sets all my pulses throbbing. He mesmerizes me. When I am with him I am not happy, not comfortable, and yet I want to be with him. I am not myself when he is by; I am the insipid, miming person he takes me for. He oppresses me, he dulls me, and yet I would rather please him than any one else in the world."

"How was it with my father? Did he always retain this singular influence over you?"

"No; it wore off. There was a reaction. It is a dreadful thing to say, but I hated him before he died."

"Mamma, you have been so unhappy! How I do want you to taste what happiness is! Mr. Airy—"

"Child, I wish you would not harp so perpetually on that one string," Kitty said, more fretfully than she often spoke. "I don't know why it is, but I am convinced that will never amount to anything."

"Of course, dear mother, it is for you to decide."

Kitty had a newspaper spread open on her lap. She started suddenly.

"Failure. The house of Airy and Son suspended payment yesterday."

"Oh, I am so sorry! Oh, it is too bad! Yes, it is the same name. It is our friend."

"I am going to ask Mr. Field about it."

She came back presently. Mr. Field had heard rumours of this failure before. Mr. Airy had probably lost everything. Poor Dick! He seemed to be very fond of his friend.

"Who wouldn't be, of such a friend as that? I shall write to him instantly. I must tell him how sorry I am."

Dick's answer came as the establishment at the island was about to break up. Mrs. Sylvester was standing in the midst of trunks, and clothing to be put in them. Martine was well again by this time, and was helping her with as skilful hands as a woman's. But he stopped to tear open and glance over his friend's letter.

"Thank you for writing," it ran. "Yes. I am awfully knocked up. Everything has gone by the board. I must begin life all over again. Where my poor old father began it, sixty years ago. I have written half-a-dozen letters to your mother, and torn them up. Tell her, from me, that as a matter of course she is released from the hasty engagement—if she so regarded it—she made with me. There can be no question of marrying for me, until I can support a wife. So good-bye, and good luck be with you both."

"Yours faithfully, D. AIRY."

"Yes," Kitty said. "I had the strangest presentiment about it—that it never would be."

"Mother! You don't mean to take him at his word, and give him up?"

"How strangely you talk, Martine! Can't you see that he wishes to be released. He does not desire to be hampered with a wife or a sweetheart, under present circumstances."

Martine read the letter over again.

"Perhaps you are right, little mother."

"Of course I am, foolish boy." And she went on folding and sorting.

She and Martine went to Charleston for the winter. Martine buckled down to the study of his profession. She made acquaintances, went into society. She met Frank Field everywhere. He was not so much popular as courted. It was the thing to have him at one's parties. He was exceptionally brilliant and agreeable.

One or two girls fancied themselves in love with him, and deluged him with notes, and worked towels for him and pin-cushions and shawl-straps. Kitty looked on with disdain. How stupid and silly they were.

The influence that Frank had exerted over her still continued. Gradually, as the winter wore on, Kitty watched his coming and going with a kind of feverish impatience, almost as though she were a girl again, and this were her first lover! Martine watched her without comment, but with forebodings. He did not want her to marry Frank Field.

Finally, one day in spring, Frank came for her to take a walk late in the afternoon. It was beautiful on the Battery. Lovers strolled up and down, music floated out to them from the open windows of the stately mansions of the Charleston magnates.

"I have reached a crisis in my fate," Frank said.

"I have drifted on and on, expecting that some superior power would decide for me whether Love or Art should be the lodestar of my life. But no higher power has intervened. I fall back upon myself."

"Yes—you are not a puppet. Of course, you must decide for yourself."

"Not quite. In this case, you make the decision for me."

"I?"—for want of something better to say. She knew perfectly well what was coming. She had known for some time that Frank was halting between two opinions—half in love with her, half in love with his present mode of life. She smiled softly.

"Yes—you. If you will marry me, I will give up going to the Continent to study, as I have been thinking of doing. I know you would not want to put the ocean between you and Martine. In other words, I surrender ambition to domestic happiness."

He said all this in a dreamy kind of a way, looking out over the water at two pine-trees that were defined sharply against the sky on an island shore. Now that it came to the point, he would not care very much if she refused him.

It was his nature only to care very much for what was visionary and unattainable.

He turned presently and met her eyes.

"Is it yes or no?"

"Yes," she said, blushing beautifully.

Martine caught both her hands, and looked searchingly into her eyes when she told him. He did not desire this match. But she said:

"Dear, stupid boy, can't you see that it was this one, and—not the other, I've been in love with all the while? I am very much in love with him. I only wish he cared half as much for me."

They were married.

They did not settle down in any one home, but wandered about—seeking picturesque sketching-grounds. North in summer, South in winter. Martine found engineering work to do. He came and went during the first two or three years after his mother's marriage, staying for a day at a time. As time passed on he was more and more convinced that his mother had made a mistake.

In truth, it was a miserable marriage. No two people could be less calculated to make each other happy.

Frank Field had one of those uncertain, exacting tempers that required constant patience and forbearance.

And Kitty was utterly intolerant of his moods. Gradually he fretted her inexorably. She had expected a complete transformation to be wrought in him by marriage.

Instead, the husband was more capricious and variable than the lover.

She took refuge in amusements. Her old passion for the stage broke out afresh.

Private theatricals were the rage just now, and she became immensely sought after, as soon as her talent for acting was ascertained.

Frank disapproved, but in a morose way that fixed his wife's determination to amuse herself as she pleased.

One night she was dressed to play in a pantomime which called for a fantastic Turkish dress.

Thus attired, she presented herself in Frank's studio to any good-by.

She knew she looked lovely; she wanted to be told so.

He glanced up at her, frowning.

"That eternal nonsense!" he said; "you have no notion of growing old gracefully, have you?"

She took a step or two forward, in such a way that she stood between him and the light arranged to fall on his easel.

She had a bitter retort on her lips, which he did not give her time to utter. He seized her roughly by the arm.

"You are interrupting me," he said.

A quick fire flamed up in her eyes. She turned upon him quivering with passion. A small dagger was stuck in her belt.

She drew it, and dealt him two or three sharp blows in the neck.

He fell!

A quick step came up the stairway; some one tried the door, and entered. It was Martine, arrived unexpectedly.

She stifled the cry of horror on her lips, on recognising him.

He would keep her secret!

"I have killed him!" she said, bending over Frank Field's lifeless body.

And Martine found that this was but too true.

He hurried her off to the gay scene for which she was dressed.

This was the best way to avert suspicion from herself.

Let the murdered man be discovered during her absence by the servants.

When his mother had gone, he himself proceeded to leave the house quietly.

But on his way out he was met and recognised by the same servant who presently found Frank's bleeding remains in the painting-room.

Hence, when an investigation was made, suspicion fastened itself instantly upon Martine. It was an added proof of his guilt that he should have hurried away from the scene of the murder on that same night. The officers of justice tracked him to a distant city, and brought him back to stand his trial in the town where the murder had been committed.

He was convicted of murder in the first degree. It was proved to the satisfaction of the jury, at least, that he had slunk into the house after Mrs. Field had left for the entertainment at the amateur theatre; that he had assassinated his step-father, and left him dying or dead. Then that he had slunk away again. To all of this only one person could have opposed her testimony; and this one person held her peace. Martine Sylvester was condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

The night before the execution Kitty spent with her son in his dungeon. She had moved heaven and earth for a reprieve. She would have sacrificed her last penny to save his life. Up to this

very last moment she tried to believe that her efforts were unavailing. Now the full horror of it swept over her.

"Oh, Martine!" she cried. "I am killing you. You are dying by my hand. Oh, Martine! why have I brought this double crime upon myself?"

"Mother," he said, "if—if—I can't say it—if you were in this place in stead of me, it would kill me, as surely as the hangman will to-morrow. Can't you understand that I am glad to die for you?"

"Oh, how can you be glad? Death is so horrible. How could any one be glad to die?"

"Life might be far more horrible." He was walking up and down the cell. "Oh, mother!" and he bent over her and held her hand. "Oh, mother! I owe my life to you. Now I discharge the debt, and you owe yours to me. There is another life. Perhaps we may meet there."

The next day his pure, generous soul travell'd into that mysterious existence, leaving the weak, wretched woman I have written of to contend with the grim, evil powers her sin had evoked during the rest of her days.

How she struggled—how she still struggles—I will not pause to tell.

Her trade is to portray mimic woes as well as mimic joys to the public.

She has gone back to her old exciting calling. This I know; she can portray no fate more wretched than her own.

M. L.

FACETIÆ.

WANTS.

WANTED an efficientable-bodied porter who can put sixty-five persons into a compartment intended for ten. Apply at any of the local railway offices.

Wanted, for the Navy three or four gentlemen who understand Saxon and the management of vessels to teach the principal officers English and seamanship.

Wanted a first-class Minister to replace an official who has undermined his constitution and generally injured himself in a tramway accident.

Wanted a dramatist who can write an original play which will run over a fortnight. Apply instantly, at any of the West-end houses.

Wanted a vocalist who will sing good new songs at concerts without a fee from the publisher, and who will refuse trade offers to shriek twaddle into notoriety.

Wanted immediately, an attendant to take charge of an old gentleman who has a mania for injuring himself with a pen. Address John Clarigera, Cantwood.

—FUN

HUMPH!

ARTIST.—I have been jolly queer lately. Do you think I work too hard?

DEALER IN FEE ARTS (plain spoken). Undoubtedly your work is about as hard as anything could be.

—JUDY

MEM. FOR HORATIO NELSON (HALL).—There are some things that are very expensive to wash. The banks of the Thames for instance.

—FUN

THE RESULT OF TRAINING.—A Chinese railway has been opened at last. Fancy a Chinese manderin to travel on it. But perhaps the celestials are in happy ignorance of the usual results of the block system. They never met with it.

—FUN

GROUND OF ARGUMENT.

EDITH: "I say, Bessy, how is it that one of our cows is brown and the other white?"

R. GINALD: "Why, you silly, anyone knows that! It's the white cow that gives the milk, and the brown cow the coffee!"

—FUN

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SCENE—the steps of the Mars and Neptune Club.

MAJOR PHOGOS, CAPTAIN TOGS (of the pre-Examination Period).

MAJOR PHOGOS: "Yes. Don't see how we're to keep out of the row. Looks devilish like war, old man."

CAPTAIN TOGS: "Awfully. By Jove!"

M. P.: "Something for us to do, as well as those sailor fellows?"

C. T.: "Shouldn't wonder. Anything's better than Alderhot."—(Pause.)—"I say, old man, where's Servia?"

M. P.: "Eh! Servia! Well, you know, Servia is in—in Asi. Minor. Isn't it?"

C. T.: "Somewhere near Turkey, I suppose. Got a cigarette?"

M. P.: "S'pose we shall be sent on active service."

C. T.: "Gad! it looks like it. Another Afghan War. Go and pitch into somebody—black fellows as likely as not. Spend a lot of money, and get a medal for it. Horrid bore!"

M. P.: "Always fighting blacks now."

C. T.: "The Montenegrees are regular niggers, ain't they?"

M. P.: "Sounds like it. If they're not niggers they're Turks—much the same thing."

C. T.: "I thought they were Russian slaves, or serfs, or—talking of Russians, have you seen the 'Danishbush'?"

M. P.: "Too hot to go to the play. What's it about?"

C. T.: "Awfully good. There's a Russian Princess—a regular clipper, by Jove!—and a pretty lively girl—sort of Russian Octoroon, you know—Ann, something, rather a barn, always crying; and a fellow awfully spooney on her, and so is another fellow. And that fellow gives her up to the other fellow, and goes into the church—Russian Church, you know, not the English. I wouldn't follow much of the dialect, you know. Those confounded French people talk so fast."

M. P.: "I say, we shall have to rub up our French if we go to war, eh?"

C. T.: "By Jove! yes. I can translate a mesage, but I'm hanged if I should like to ask my way of a foreigner. They're so infernally stupid—never can understand a fellow, you know."

M. P.: "All amour propre—as they call it—old man. Let's split a whisky and put!"

(Exeunt from the steps, into club.) —PUNCH.

IN THE LETTER.

"I FIND that there are six young partridges in the letter," said a gentleman to a servant, by whom a lot of game had been sent to him.

The servant replied, "Sir, I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are now out of the basket."

JOHN'S DOG.

"I HAVE just bought a dog, says Jones. 'I never owned one before in my life. I have been a house-keeper a great many years, and I never know how much comfort there is in a dog. He always so kind and gentle and glad to see me. When I go home he always jumps up on me and looks so pleased. When I go home late, and I sometimes do, he never looks gloomy and sad, he never asks that cutting question, 'Where have you been all this while?'"

THE FROST-BITTEN MAN.

THE last man had very long hair, a very and expression of countenance, and he didn't rush his remarks at the court, as many prisoners do. He introduced himself as John Goodheart, and then waited like the polite man he was for his Honour to get back with something just as classical. And his Honour did. He replied:

"Yum—tis, eh?"

"And I was figuratively drunk," continued the prisoner.

"Was, eh?"

"Figuratively drunk, but practically frost-bitten," continued the long-faced man.

"W-h-a-t!" exclaimed the court.

"Practically frost-bitten, sir. I went out to work in the garden, felt myself freezing to death, started for the house, and was picked up by this gentleman here with a club buckled around him."

His Honour looked up and down in amazement. Lame old put in an appearance before him, but he had never before met with such a cool, conspicuous liar.

"Yes; thermometer went right down on me," sighed the old man.

The court motioned for him to go out, and he went, followed by looks of wonder from every spectator. He wasn't insane, and he wasn't wicked. He simply hated truth with an undying vigour.

THE DISHONESTED MAN.

HE spoke in dilly toes to the saloon-keeper, praising his establishment, his personal looks, his dog, and his cat, and then said he guessed he'd take a little brandy and pay for it as he came along back. The saloon-keeper guessed he wouldn't, and that's why Sylvanus Hope broke a window. A policeman gathered up the slack of his vest as he turned the corner, and as soon thereafter as the rules of locomotion would permit Mr. Hope was seated in a comfortable cell.

"Thought you'd like some brandy, eh?" remarked his Honour, as the prisoner stood at the railing.

"Wait a few minutes," said Mr. Hope. "I'm kinder embarrassed like, and don't know what to say."

"You weren't much embarrassed when you broke that window, were you?"

"Sorter, and sorter not. I kinder tremble all over just now."

"That will all pass away presently. Three months," said his Honour.

THIS is the season when everybody has "warm friends"—if they have any at all.

There are men so constructed and constituted that

the easiest thing they can do is to make fools of themselves.

THERE may not be gold, but there's no question about the quantity of lead in the Black Hills. Every Indian has a gun full of it, and isn't stingy.

A PEOPLE WHO NEVER LAUGH.

AN English traveller, Mr. Hartshorne, gave the British Association, the other day, an account of the Weddas, a wild tribe which lives in the interior of Ceylon. These Weddas are about five feet high, live on water and roast monkey, and are, he reports, incapable of laughter. After trying every way to make their chief laugh, and failing, he asked, in amazement, whether they ever laughed. "No," replied the Weddas; "why should we? What is there to laugh at?"

AN Irishman went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses, he asked, "An' what piece do yez play next?"

A GENUINE DIFFERENCE.

FIRST SCHOOLBOY (Sweet Eighteen): "I am so tired of walking along by two and two in this way! It's as bad as the animals going into the ark!"

SECOND DITTO (ditto ditto): "Worse! half of them were masculine!"

"HELP YOURSELVES, YOUNG LADIES!"

Let "Punch" give a wider circulation than even the "Birmingham Gazette" to this rare chance for a Lady Help—

WANTED, a Governess, to instruct and take charge of five children under 10, and assist in their wardrobes. Requirements, English, Music, and French. Salary £14.—Address, &c. —Punch.

EXPENSIVE HABITS.

"PLEASE, miss, I want a 'penny smoke!'"

"We have no penny cigars, but you can have one at three halfpence."

"All right, miss; and it over. I never mind what I pay for a good weed."

BETTER THAN BEATING HER.

ARTHUR (who has been "catching it" from his "missis"): "Look here, 'Liza, stop those tooth-moderate." (With a placable nudge.) "Wonder what he'd stop your 'jaw' for?" (Storm clears off.)

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL WITH MUCH LUGGAGE.

STAY AT HOME. The elephant, that most sagacious of animals, never moves with more than one trunk, and that not registered, but attached to his body. —Punch.

ODOR RITUALISTICUS.

EXTRA-PROTESTANT PARISHIONER (to his vicar): "I've been long of opinion that 'cause yeon du'st'n't burn incense, yeon got them paraffin lamps 'stead of candles, so as to hev some smell in the church!" —Punch.

STATISTICS.

SCALE OF IGNORANCE.—A parliamentary return, stating the number of children ascertained by the London School Board Visitors not to be attending school last year, shows a great difference in the several divisions of the Metropolis. In "the City," with a population of about 75,000 at the census of 1871, there were only 1,116 such children found. In Greenwich, with 170,000 population, there were 5,875; in Southwark, with 269,000 population, 7,523; in Westminster, with 247,000 population, only 2,942; in Chelsea, with 258,000 population, 6,973; in Hackney, with 363,000 population, 9,528; in Lambeth, with 379,000 population, no less than 22,299; in the Tower Hamlets, with 392,000 population, 13,062; in Finsbury, with 458,000 population, 10,404; in Marylebone, with 478,000 population, 8,175, making a total in 1875 of 89,097 children found not attending school in a population exceeding three millions in 1871.

THE COST OF PRISONERS.—A Parliamentary return respecting the prisoners of Great Britain, obtained by Colonel Balfour, shows that the daily average number of prisoners in custody in the prisons of England and Wales is 18,180. The "average annual cost per prisoner without allowing for earnings of labour" ranges in the various prisons from £113 5s. (in Lincoln county prison), to £6 8s. 8d. (in Montgomery county prison), and the total of this column in the return is stated, not very intelligibly, to be £4,363. The "average annual net profit of each prisoner's labour" ranges from

£49 18s. 4d. (in Nottingham county prison) to 1s. (in Portsmouth borough prison and Bury St. Edmunds county prison). The return gives the "total" as £425 14s. 3d. The "average annual cost per prisoner, after deducting net profit on prison labour," ranges from £113 1s. 4d. (in Lincoln county prison) to £1 6s. 4d. (in Nottingham county prison). The "total" of this column is given as £3,937 5s. 9d. The return also gives for each prison the proportion of recommitments to the total number committed. In Scotland the daily average number of prisoners is 2,851. The annual cost per prisoner, on the whole of the prisons, is £24 10s. 8d.; the average profit per prisoner for work sold, £2 8s. 6d.; and the average loss per prisoner on work, 21s.

A CAREFUL analysis (by Mr. William Stokes) of the official returns for the present House of Commons gives these startling particulars:—The representation of the people of Great Britain by the members of the present house is in the following proportions: The war members represent a population of 12,750,769, the number of electors being 909,730; the commercial members represent 7,981,076, and 929,483 electors; the agricultural members represent 6,910,417, and 445,843 electors; and the legal profession represents 5,351,834, and 551,289 electors.

THE MOTHER WANTS HER BOY.

There's a homestead waiting for you, my boy,

In a quaint old-fashioned town;
The grey moor-clings to the garden wall,
And the dwelling is low and brown;
But a vacant chair by the fireside stands,
And never a grace is said,
But a mother prays that her absent son
Soon may be homeward led;
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vines and tends the flowers,
For she says, "My boy will come,
And I want the quiet, humble place
To be just like the dear old home
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,
And gather of roses and lilies tall
Far more than his hands could hold;
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place
Where you played at bat and ball!
And the velvet cap that you wore at school
Still hangs on its hook in the hall;
And when the twilight hours draw near
She steals a own the lane,
To cooet the lambs you used to pet,
And dream you are home again;
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and her eyes are dim
With watchings g day by day,
For the children nurtured at her breast
Have slipped from her arms away;
Alone and lonely, she names the hours
As the dear ones come and go;
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers,"
Their going "The hours of snow!"
And ever she waits her boy.

Work on—tell on; give mind and strength
To the task in your chosen place,
But never forget the dear old home
And the mother's loving face!
You may count your blessings, score on score,
You may heap your golden gain,
But, remember, when her grave is made
Your coming will be in vain;
And now she waits her boy.

L. S. U.

GEMS.

TEMPTATIONS are true tests, and accordingly are often the best friends we have. The man or woman who has no temptations can never know the strength of principle he or she may possess. The merit of a virtue is brought out when it is beset by the enemy. The world like the strong and the good, but it never sees it till it has shown itself by severe contact and struggle with the opposing elements, and been on severe trial, as it were.

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order, who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of society, whose

deportment is upright, whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant recognition, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliances, which the well-off accept to manifest to those a little lower down.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

COCONUT DROPS.—One grated coconut, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one pound of sugar, and four eggs, the whites beaten to a froth. Stir the mixture well, and drop on pans with a tablespoon.

TO MAKE HARD CUSTARD.—Put on the stove one quart of milk to heat; when just at the boiling point take off and pour into a bowl. Have ready in another bowl five eggs, beaten up with half a teaspoon of sugar. Pour eggs and sugar gradually into the milk, mixing thoroughly; flavour and pour into a baking-dish. Set the dish into a dripping pan, with about one inch of boiling water covering the surface of the pan; as the water evaporates renew it.

TEA BUNS.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three of milk, a teaspoon of salt, and a cup of yeast. Take the milk, yeast, and one cup of sugar, and make a sponge. Let it rise over night. In the morning add the rest of the sugar, the butter melted, salt, and one-half teaspoon of soda, with flour sufficient to mould. Form into buns, and let it then rise in the pans half-an-hour.

BEEFSTEAKS STEWED.—Butt them a little with a rolling-pin; flour and season; then fry with a sliced onion to a fine brown; lay the steaks into a stew-pan, and pour as much warm water (not boiling) over them as will serve for sauce; stew them very gently for half an hour, and add a small teaspoonful of catsup before serving.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE richest man in Prussia is Krapp, the maker of cannon. He pays more income-tax than any man in Prussia. He pays nearly 110,000 marks, which represents a yearly scale of profits exceeding 1,250,000 dollars.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—Thirteen civil list pensions have been granted during the year ended the 20th of June last. The first pensions of £75 each, were to Miss Birch, Mr. Arthur Birch, and Miss Constance Birch, children of the British Resident at Perak, who was killed by the Malaysians. Lady Wilkinson had £150 in recognition of the late Sir Gardner Wilkinson's services to archaeology; Mrs. Traggles £100 in consideration of the labours of her husband, the learned Biblical critic; Mrs. W. slay, the widow of Dr. Wesley, the musician, £100; Mrs. Brooks, widow of Shirley Brooks, £100; Mrs. Bannan, widow of the Irish novelist, £50; Mrs. Jones, £75; Dr. Rumsey, £100; and the naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, £100; the total sum granted is £1,200, just the amount allowed by Parliament.

AN old gentleman, belonging to a most honourable family, was brought up recently before the Correc-tional police. The poor old man, however, was blind, deaf, and partially paralysed. His victim was a little girl of seven or eight years of age. The affair was judged within closed doors. The public was not admitted. The prisoner was acquitted. He seemed, it is said, to be quite unconscious of what was going on around him. It appears that he had been brought to his present state by his family, who hoped thereby to profit by his fortune before their legal time. It is said that nothing that has ever been written in play or novel can equal the awful disclosures which were brought to light during this trial.

THERE is reason to hope that we shall shortly have the veil lifted from that land of mystery, New Guinea. So a month ago a book, purporting to describe a journey of exploration in that country by an English naval officer, was published, but it was so full of such extraordinary statements that one could only treat it as a clever jeu d'esprit. Recently a party of travellers have penetrated into the interior of the island, and have reached a height of 1,000 feet, whence they beheld in every direction mountains clothed with vegetation. They did not, indeed, see that wonderful mountain 3,000 feet high which Captain Lawson represented him as ascending in a few hours. But they saw a good deal of a beautiful country, and they had an ornithologist with them who has made some interesting collections. New Guinea would seem to be a good deal more interesting than the interior of Australia.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN MEMORIA will do best by going to C. S. White, jeweller, 96 Edgware Road, London, who produces the best designs in hair for either rings or brooches.

FRANCIS STREPHENS.—Your letter received with thanks. PRIMA DONNA can be supplied direct from the office if she cannot obtain the numbers from the news agents. Your writing bespeaks your title.

J. R.—In reply to your question you having given a bill of exchange for the amount it must be paid upon its presentation and no excuse can be made for not doing so. Your latter expression was right as to the cricket ball.

SAMUEL HAWTHORN.—"Reuben; or, only a Gipt," is a tale now being written expressly for the LONDON READER, and cannot be published in any other form.

DARK EYES.—It is not improper for a girl of your age to attend either balls or parties provided you do so with the sanction of your parents or guardians, who will see that the society you mix with is suitable to your position and have a tendency to improve it rather otherwise.

EMMA J. M.—You must not seek him. If he thinks well of you he will renew the acquaintance. If there is any spark of love in him he will not be long before he expresses it to you. If to the contrary he has no regard for you it is much better that such an acquaintance is ended at once rather than you be led away by such crochets.

GERALD F. having been indiscreet in her conduct toward the young man she expresses to be so fond of, should write and explain how such an error happened. It is not wise to confer with the brother—it shows lack of confidence. Do not be forward in your endeavour to seek reconciliation, but treat him with kindness and discretion, and if he is a man as you describe him to be, he will not disgrace the name.

EDITH'S NOTICE.—We have received so many letters to Fair Lillian that all her correspondents cannot receive a favourable reply.

MARY AMY.—We are very sorry to tell our numerous readers that the authoress of the tale "Lured and Lost" is in such a state of health as to require her entire rest from writing for the present.

MRS. M. M.—No charge whatever is made to our subscribers of not less than six months.

INQUIRIVE.—When you walk with a lady to whom you are engaged, and her friend, you should give the latter your right arm. The left arm of the man is what is called the engaged one, and very naturally; because it leaves him his right and stronger one to employ in the defence of the object who clings to his left and weaker side.

T. H.—A man with a clear conscience, of active habits and temperament in his conduct, is seldom troubled by dreams. Perhaps you eat heavy suppers; I fear you do, you ought to be aware that there is nothing more fatal to sound sleep.

FANNIE and MARIA, two friends, would like to correspond with two dark young men. Fannie is eighteen, fair complexioned, domesticated and fond of home; Maria is seventeen, fair complexion and very domesticated. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-four; tradesmen preferred.

THOMAS STRAID, a respectable seaman in the Royal Navy, considered very good looking, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be tall, fair and good looking. Money no object.

K. H., eighteen, tall, fair, blue eyes, good looking and of a loving disposition would like to correspond with a tall and dark young man about twenty, who must be fond of music, dancing and of home.

J. S., twenty-one, fair, medium height, with good prospects would like to correspond with a young lady of eighteen or nineteen with a view to matrimony; respondent must be good tempered and fond of home.

M. M., twenty-one, fair complexion and brown hair, considered rather good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen; respondent must be good looking and fair.

REGINALD, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, medium height, and considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a young woman under twenty; resident of London preferred.

J. S., dark, twenty-four and considered good looking with a good income would like to correspond with a young lady, resident in or near Glasgow.

KELLY, a working man, widower, forty-five years of age, no encumbrance, wishes to marry some respectable woman not above thirty-eight, of cleanly habits and good temper. Short of stature and very poor in circumstances. One willing to marry for a living would find a kind husband.

JAMES A. C., thirty years of age, an artisan, sober and fond of home, life abstainer from all intoxicating liquors, wishes to correspond with a lady with a view to matrimony. From twenty-four to thirty years of age; no objection to a widow without children.

ROYAL TRUCK, a seaman in the Royal Navy, time nearly expired, about 5ft. 6in. and rather fair complexion with whiskers and monachy wishes to correspond with a young woman about twenty-two—blonde preferred—and a native of the country. She must be of a medium height, loving disposition and fond of home.

FRANK and GEORGE, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Frank prefers a young lady of Gloucester and is twenty-four. George prefers a young lady of Totnes, Devon and is twenty-two.

CLARA MARION R., nineteen, of the medium height, would like to correspond with one of our gentlemen readers. Looks no object, but he must be fond of home and of a loving disposition. She would make such a man a good wife.

BUNTING, a signalman in the Royal Navy, twenty-one, rather dark complexion and about 5ft. 6in. wishes to correspond with a dark complexioned young woman about twenty and of a medium height, one that is well up in household duties.

MARRY AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Marry and hope for the best, my son,
Marry and hope for the best;
Then work with skill and an iron will,
And add to your household nest.
You have chosen a fair and goodly one,
Oh render her future bliss, my son,
Her womanly future bliss.

Marry and profit thereby, my son,
Marry and profit thereby;
Give Heaven your heart as the better part,
And as for your rest aim high.
Let never a duty be left undone,
And never bid truth good-bye, my son,
Never bid truth good-bye.

Marry and hope for the best, my lass;
Marry and hope for the best;
Bring peace and love, like the turtle dove,
To brighten your pretty nest.
And let your home be life's mad whirl
Be the place of beautiful rest, my girl,
The place of beautiful rest.

Marry and set up your throne, my lass,
Marry and set up your throne;
By aitch a queen you may reign supreme
Through love in our heart alone.
Be true to that one as the long years pass,
And you near the great unknown, my lass,
You near the great unknown.

Marry and hope for the best, young pair,
Marry and hope for the best;
When storms arise in the troubled skies
Keep Hope as a cheerful guest!
In all your sorrow and joy and care,
Never forsake your nest, young pair,
Never forsake your nest.

M. A. K.

NELLIE, twenty, medium height, fresh colour, brown hair and eyes, very domesticated and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man, who would make a loving husband, and study home comforts before public company. She would prefer him tall and dark.

J. S., a steward in the Royal Navy, nineteen, tall, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a pretty young lady about eighteen, of a loving disposition and fond of home.

JIMMY HAUL TART, twenty-three, fair, light hair and eyes, passable in looks and fond of domestic comforts, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty, of a loving disposition, fond of home; respondent must be a brunette.

ROBERT DE COVERLEY, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, tall, fair, wishes to correspond with a young lady, who must be tall, fair and good looking; a resident in London preferred.

ALICE and NELLIE, two sisters, wish to correspond with two gentlemen. Alice is of medium height and Nellie tall. Both are considered pretty, and are of loving dispositions; respondents must be tall, dark, good tempered, fond of society, and of good position; Nellie prefers a barrister.

W. J. S., a corporal in the Royal Marines, wishes to correspond with a young lady, who must be similar in appearance.

A LONELY GIRL, tall, brown hair and eyes, considered good looking, of good family, a good housekeeper, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a widower about thirty-five with moderate means.

MARIE, eighteen, dark, good looking, medium height, domesticated, fond of music and dancing, would like to correspond with a fair gentleman with good means, able to support a wife comfortably.

EVA, tall and graceful, blue eyes, golden hair good tempered, considered handsome, will have 500, when of age, would like to correspond with a dark gentleman of moderate means; she would not object to a gentleman in business.

JOHN, a mechanic, fond of home, has saved some money, would like to correspond with a young lady between twenty and thirty, who has a little money, or is willing to help in any business and make a home comfortable.

ROSS, twenty, tall, fair, rather good looking, well educated, wishes to correspond with a tall and affectionate young man about twenty-six.

MARY, eighteen, tall, dark complexion and hair, very affectionate and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a dark young gentleman with a view to matrimony.

A. C. B., twenty, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman who would make her a good husband.

DEMOS OF THE FLATS, medium height, very dark complexion, black hair and eyes, of a loving and amiable disposition, would like to correspond with a fair lady about twenty-five; respondent must be of a warm and affectionate disposition, and fond of home.

LUF OF THE BLISS, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-one, dark complexion, hazel eyes, brown hair and beard, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, of fair complexion and loving disposition.

NETTA, twenty-eight, medium height, very dark, of good family, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, who must be tall and fair, with a view to matrimony.

MAK, medium height, fair, domesticated, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony.

J. E., in business, would like to correspond with an amiable young lady about twenty-five or twenty-six, who is fond of home comforts.

ETHEL and LINDA by—Robert and Carlo, both dark, tall, and connected with the dramatic profession, though young both are eminent in their profession, and think they are all that is required.

FISHER LOOK OUT, a seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, good looking, would like to correspond with a young woman, who must be good looking, of a loving disposition and about nineteen.

MAK, twenty, of amiable disposition, medium height, handsome, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a thoroughly respectable young lady with a view to matrimony; respondent must be about nineteen, of a loving disposition.

BOB, twenty eight, would like to correspond with a thoroughly domesticated young woman with a view to matrimony.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

TEDDY S. by—ROSE E., 5ft., blue eyes, and fair complexion.

BOB is responded to by—A. A. C., who thinks he is all she requires.

SILVER by—Saxon, medium height, fair, good looking, fond of home, and in business for himself.

ANNIE by—Alpha, thirty-one, tall, brown hair and eyes.

N. G. by—Marie, twenty-two, fair, medium height, loving disposition, domesticated, fond of home, and in a good business house.

GILBERT by—Kate, amiable disposition, fond of home and children.

FAIR LILLIAN by—J. H., medium height, dark, good looking, twenty-eight, of a loving disposition, fond of home, and has a good business of his own.

LOVING ANNIE by—E. J., tall, fair, considered good looking, well educated, very fond of home, in a good position.

KANS by—F. E. W., thirty-one, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated.

A. Z. by—Susanne, twenty-one, tall, dark hair and eyes, very fair complexion, considered good looking, and would make a loving wife.

J. L. by—Daisy, twenty-one, medium height, brown hair and eyes, dark complexion, very loving and fond of home.

BILL by—Florence, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children.

FAIR LILLIAN by—Joe, twenty-one, dark complexion, fond of home, a total abstainer, fond of music, commanding business for himself. Would make a good husband to a loving wife.

NELLIE by—Jio sweet, twenty-four, tall, hazel eyes, of commanding appearance.

SAUCY NELL by—Royal Truck, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, dark, good looking, of a loving disposition, and thinks he is all she requires.

SILVER by—Zeno, thirty, fair, rather short, holds a government appointment.

LOSS by—Bous, over medium height, rather dark, blue eyes, in a good position, and thinks he is all she requires.

FOAT TOMPKIN by—Adela, twenty-one, medium height, considered good looking, fond of home, of good family and loving disposition.

ETHEL and LINDA by—J. M. and W. K., who answer their description in every respect.

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